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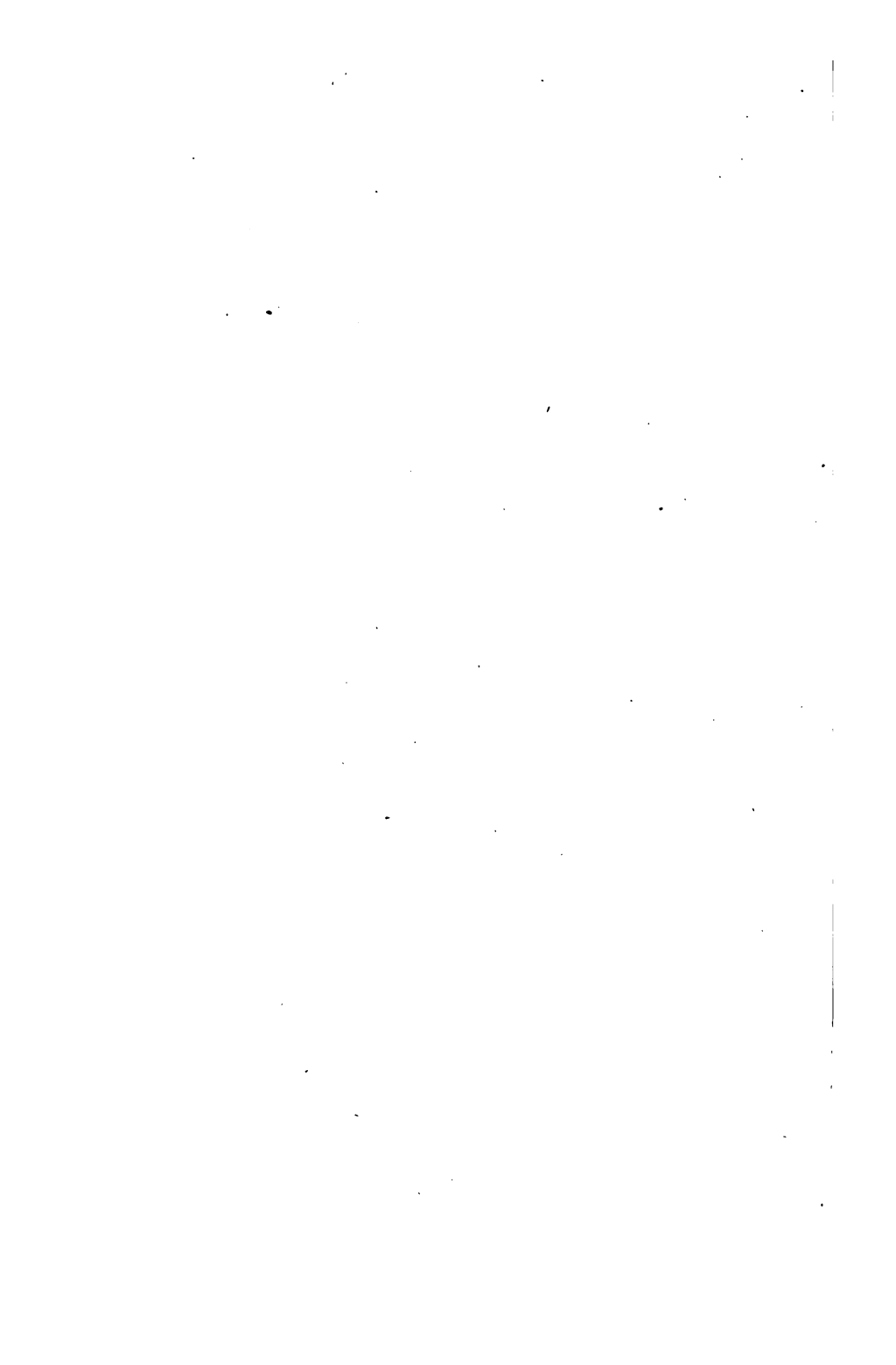
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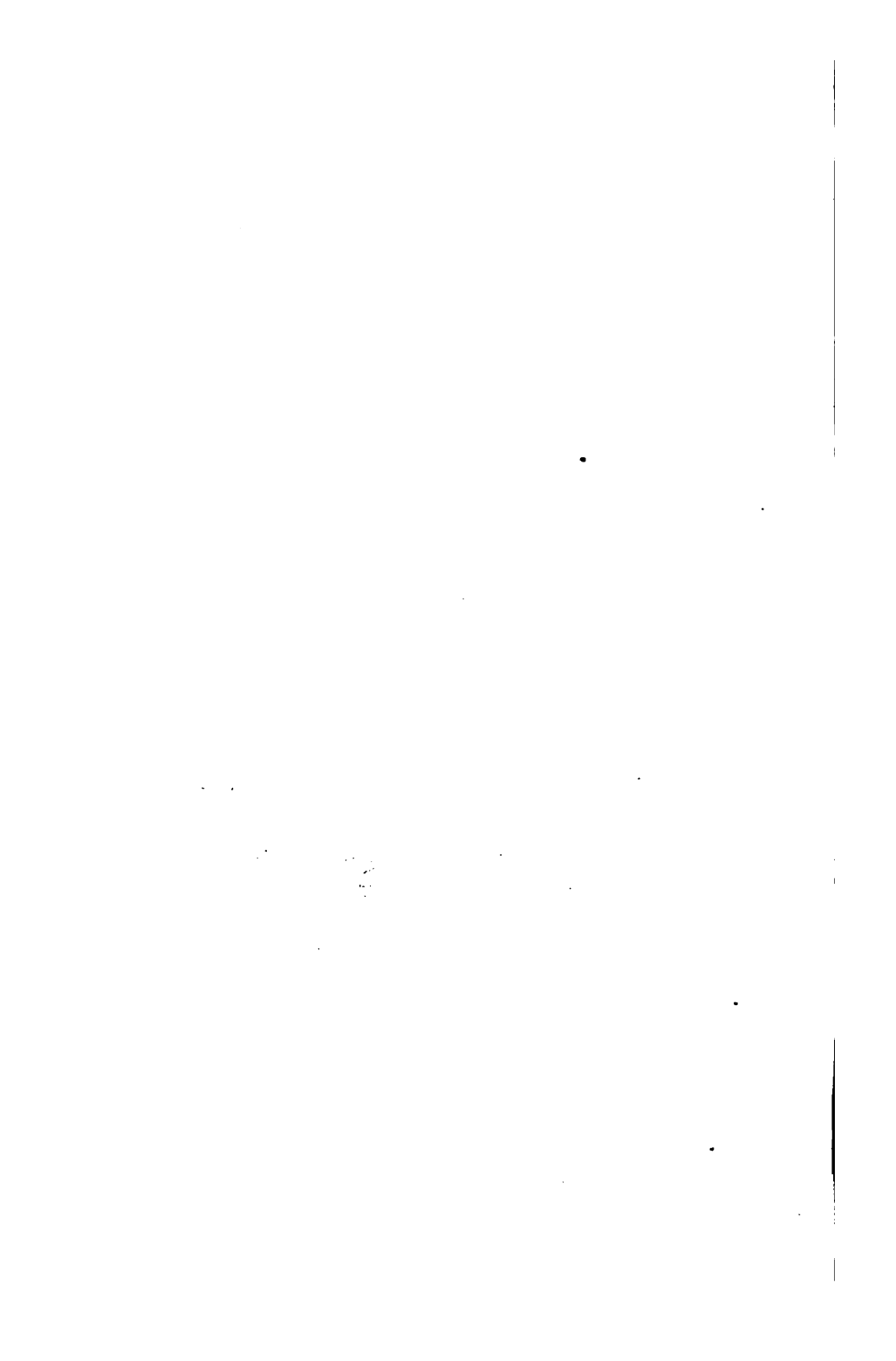
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LECTURES.



SEQUEL TO LECTURES

DELIVERED AT

LITERARY AND MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS,

CONTAINING,

LECTURE I.—ENGLISH LITERATURE, AND THE ACQUISITION
OF KNOWLEDGE.

LECTURE II.—MENTAL PHENOMENA, AND MENTAL CULTURE.

BY

WILLIAM HENRY LEATHAM.



London :

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CONTENTS.



LECTURE I.

	PAGE.
THE RISE, GROWTH, MATURITY, AND PROSPECTS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE; AND THE ACQUISITION OF KNOWLEDGE .	1

LECTURE II.

THE ANALYSIS OF MIND—DR. BROWN'S SYSTEM—DR. COGAN'S TREATISE ON THE PASSIONS—ETHICS—THE IMMATERI- ALITY AND IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL—DREAMING— SOMNAMBULISM — INSANITY — SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS—THE CULTIVATION OF THE MIND.	29
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These Lectures

BEING

A SEQUEL TO THOSE ALREADY PUBLISHED

AND DEDICATED TO

THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT MORPETH, M.P.,

ARE ALSO

VERY RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HIS LORDSHIP,

BY

THEIR AUTHOR.

ERRATUM.

Page 4—*for* "Layamon," *read* "Laydmon."

LECTURE I.

THE RISE, GROWTH, MATURITY, AND PROSPECTS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, &c. &c.

It would be easy to cull from "The Curiosities of Literature," some highly interesting facts connected with the subject chosen for this lecture; to compile from "Warton's History of Poetry"—from "Hazlitt's Spirit of the Age"—from the learned pages of Hallam, and other authors, matter that would illustrate the rise, growth, maturity, and prospects of English Literature. But our desire has been, not so much to avail of the criticisms of others, as to rely on a clear matter-of-fact statement, by which we may be able to set forth the progress of letters from our earliest annals to the present day.

We cannot promise many of the charms of novelty in this undertaking. Here, as elsewhere, we have preferred *truth* to *originality*, and in our quest of the former, we have been willing to risk the absence of the latter. The state of *Literature* is generally a fair index of the state of *Civilization* in every country. We shall also find that what are frequently called *national literary characteristics*, generally resolve themselves into little more than the mere development of literature under various stages of civilization. A highly civilized country like England, for instance, cannot fail to pass through all these phases of literature. The literature of one age of civilization differing essentially from that of the next, and so on; and this fact we shall soon have an opportunity of exhibiting, as we pass over the literary history of our own country. We, therefore, doubt the propriety of determining the national literary characteristics of any country, apart from its then state of

civilization, and we can only justly compare the literatures of two countries, when they are products of the same states of civilization. There are many abstruse questions, which naturally arise, in connexion with the history of a nation's literature. Does the *age* form the *man*, or the *man* form the *age*? might be a suitable query at the outset. The appearance of great men at great epochs, is, certainly, a coincidence favouring the argument that the *age* makes the *man*; but, then, the age which succeeds the appearance of great men, is as frequently *made* (as it were) by them. Can this point ever be decided when both propositions are in degree true? It may be asked, whether Shakspeare or Milton are expositors of their respective ages, or so much in advance of them, that it required a future age to interpret their works aright? We rather incline to the opinion that some of the *minor* writers may more justly be termed expositors of their own age—because they do not rise above it—but that men of the greatest genius are invariably found in advance of their own age. So many difficulties beset the philosophical discussion of this and similar problems, that we have preferred taking (in the brief lecture before us) a more matter-of-fact chronological survey of the history of English literature, marking, as we proceed, the rise, growth, and maturity of its various branches. We shall afterwards add a few hints as to the future prospects of literature in this country, and conclude by some observations chiefly addressed to the members of Literary and Scientific Societies.

First, then, we shall attempt to trace the origin and growth of English literature, from the time of the Anglo-Saxon Chroniclers to our own days. To render this task more easy, we have subdivided this long period into nine intervals, in each of which we find some great name, or names, to mark the literary era more distinctly. These intervals may be briefly enumerated as follows:—1st. The Anglo-Saxon period; 2ndly. The Anglo-Norman period; 3rdly. The age of Chaucer; 4thly. The period succeeding Chaucer; 5thly. The age of Spenser and Shakspeare; 6thly. The age of Milton and Dryden; 7thly. The age of Pope and Addison; 8thly. The age of Thomson, Goldsmith, and Johnson; 9thly., and finally. The age of Cowper, Burns, Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth, &c.

To proceed with our task. In looking back to the times of the Anglo-Saxon writers, we find the names of Gildas and Nennius, as historians ; also, that of St. Columbanus, a native of Ireland, who, like his predecessors, composed chiefly in the Latin tongue. He wrote religious treatises and poetry, contributing to the advancement of Christianity in western Europe, and died A. D. 615.

The first Anglo-Saxon author of note, who wrote in his own language, is Cædmon, a monk of Whitby. He was a genuine poet of the order of Burns, (originally a cowherd,) and sprung from the common people. His productions are curious as evincing the rude character of Anglo-Saxon poetry, which seems destitute of measure and rhyme, but so arranged, that in every couplet there should be two principal words beginning with the same letter. Cædmon died about A. D. 680.

A few names of inferior note bring down the list of Anglo-Saxon writers to the venerable Bede. Many of the works of these authors being in Latin, we need not particularize them here. Bede died at his Monastery of Wearmouth, A. D. 735. King Alfred is the next Anglo-Saxon author of note. He appears to have translated into his own language, some of the writings of his predecessors, and it is supposed, that he rendered *Æsop's Fables*, and the *Psalms of David*, into the vernacular tongue. King Alfred died A. D. 901. Alfric, archbishop of Canterbury, succeeded Alfred as an important writer. He composed many homilies, and translated the seven first books of the Bible into Anglo-Saxon. He also wrote a Latin grammar, which occasioned him to receive the sub-name of "the grammarian." Alfric died A. D. 1006.

Cynewulf, Bishop of Winchester ; Wulfstan, archbishop of York, and some others, bring down the list of Anglo-Saxon writers to the time of the Conquest. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, commencing from the time of Alfred and continued till the reign of Henry II., was the composition of a variety of authors.

Here we must leave the Anglo-Saxon, or first period of English literature.

We now come to an epoch when our language was destined to undergo a complete change, from the invasion of the Normans, and in the interim, for nearly two centuries, the names

of Norman Poets, men, as frequently natives of France, as of England, are those which occur in the history of English literature. One of the chief of these is Wace, a native of Jersey. About 1160, Wace, wrote in his native French, a narrative poem, entitled "*Le Brut D'Angleterre*," (Brutus of England). This poem was, in fact, a translation of the legendary history of Geoffery of Monmouth, written a few years before in the Latin tongue.

The poem of Wace, was translated into English, in the form of a metrical version, by Layamon (a priest of Ernely on the Severn). This translation, which is supposed to have been completed about the end of the twelfth century, shows that some alteration had then taken place in the language, evincing a further resemblance to the Anglo-Norman, or English, of our day. The thirteenth century produced a series of rhyming chroniclers. Among these we find Robert of Gloucester, and Robert Manning, as the most conspicuous. The former continued the History of England, in long rhymed lines (alexandrines), but his productions are described by Mr. Warton as destitute of art and imagination. Manning flourished in the latter part of the reign of Edward I., and during that of Edward II. He translated a French book entitled, "*Manuel des Pêches*" (the handling of sins,) the composition of William de Wadington; also a French chronicle of England, by Peter de Langtoft. The verse adopted in the latter is shorter than that of Robert of Gloucester, making an approach to the octo-syllabic stanza of modern times. The English language having now risen into some consideration, became the vehicle of metrical romances. We may date these from the reign of Edward II., the first of the class being generally translations from the French. This species of composition flourished till the close of the fifteenth century; and though the precise authors of these romances are much disputed, and the date of each production very difficult to determine, yet there appears no doubt, that these early ballads are the originals of those handed down amongst the common people in our days.

Among these may be reckoned, "*Sir Tristrem*," "*Life of Alexander the Great*," "*King Horn*," "*Sir Grey*," "*The Squire*

of Low Degree," "Sir Degore," "King Robert of Sicily," "The King of Tars," "Impomedon" and "La Mort d'Arthur," &c.

Hitherto we have described English poetry in the form of chronicle and romance alone. In the reign of Henry III. of England, and Alexander II. of Scotland, we first trace the dawn of miscellaneous poetry. Laurence Minot, (about 1350), composed a series of short poems on the victories of Edward III. About the same time, Richard Rolle, a hermit of the order of St. Augustine, living near the nunnery of Hampole, (four miles from Doncaster), wrote metrical paraphrases of portions of scripture, and an original poem, entitled the "Pricke of Conscience." We are not certain that this latter production was written by him in any other than the Latin tongue, though soon after translated into English.

Robert Longlande, about the same period, wrote "The Vision of Pierce Ploughman." This is a most remarkable production of the age, being a representation of the doctrines which were silently bringing about the Reformation. Pierce is represented as falling asleep on the Malvern hills, and seeing a series of visions, wherein the corruptions of society, but particularly those of the Church and Clergy, are set forth with much bitterness.

In this poem we find a recurrence of the alliteration, which characterised the Anglo-Saxon poetry, and the language is considered purer English than that made use of by Chaucer.

This must close our notice of the Anglo-Norman, or second period of English literature.

We now come to the father of English poetry, whose name has just been mentioned, and who was destined to found on the imperfect models which his native language already contained, a more enduring fabric of immortal verse.

Chaucer did not become notorious until Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, had shed a glory over Italian literature, and, undoubtedly, from them he caught some of his inspiration. It was left for him to accomplish, in the delineation of English life and character, as represented in his inimitable "Canterbury Tales," what Boccaccio had done for Italian manners, in his "Decameron." We cannot now dwell upon this interesting subject as we could desire, but will merely state, that the best

of Chaucer's works, "the Canterbury Tales," are supposed to have been composed at Woodstock, when the venerable poet was about sixty years of age. He died in London, 25th Oct., A. D. 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, being the first of those illustrious poets whose ashes repose in that magnificent sepulchre.

Contemporary with Chaucer was John Gower; but he was destined to be eclipsed by the fame of the greater poet. John Barbour, archdeacon of Aberdeen, lived in the same age, and his chief poem, entitled "The Bruce," containing 7000 rhyming octo-syllabic couplets, is a metrical history of King Robert I., of Scotland.

To these Scotch chroniclers, we may add the names of Wynthown and "Blind Harry." Of the latter personage nothing is known, except the fact of his being blind from infancy. He appears to have been a poor unlettered man, who celebrated the exploits of Wallace in rude verse.

Hitherto, we have said little about the prose writers of this era, chiefly, because they scarcely had an existence prior to the reign of Edward III. Sir John Mandeville, who wrote a marvellous account of his travels, is one of the first of these. The translations of the old and new Testaments, by Wickliffe, from the Latin version, was a most interesting and remarkable work of this age. Wickliffe died A. D. 1384.

These few notices must close our review of the third period of English literature, previously designated the age of Chaucer.

From the great increase of writers, who subsequently arise, we shall be compelled to treat of them in a more general manner than hitherto, to omit all mention of many of them, and to speak more of authors in the aggregate, in connexion with the age in which they lived, than of their individual claims to distinction.

James I., of Scotland, taken prisoner in his boyhood by Henry IV., spent nineteen years in England, and studied the works of Chaucer. During his imprisonment he composed "The King's Quhair," or Book, descriptive of his attachment to the daughter of the Earl of Somerset, whom he frequently saw walking in a garden, adjacent to his apartments in Windsor Castle, and to whom he was afterwards married. This accomplished Prince was assassinated at Perth, A. D. 1437.

John Lydgate, flourished about the year 1430. He is considered to have improved the poetical language of his country. William Dunbar, who resided at the court of James IV., (at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries) composed poems of an allegorical, moral, and comic description, and thus considerably extended the region of Scotch poetry beyond its previous limits.

With him may be mentioned Gavin Douglas, a younger son of Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus, an allegorical and descriptive poet. Gavin was Bishop of Dunkeld. His poem, "The Palace of Honour," is supposed to have suggested "Pilgrim's Progress" to Bunyan. Douglas uses many words derived from the Latin, which were new in the poetical vocabulary of those days. He does not possess the nervous style of Dunbar, but seeks more after a polished diction, and often becomes verbose.

In the earlier part of the reign of Henry VIII., the pasquils of John Skelton, Rector of Dysse, in Norfolk, were a good example of the coarse humour of those days. The gallant and accomplished Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, founded his style of poetry on the Italian school, and was the first to introduce the sonnet and blank verse into English poetry. Having fallen under the displeasure of Henry VIII., he was beheaded on Tower hill, A.D. 1547.

The songs and sonnets of Sir Thomas Wyatt, are an ornament to the literature of this age.

In Scotland, Sir David Lyndsay shone at the court of James V., as a satirical and humorous writer. The Clergy, as was generally the case just before the Reformation, were the butts at which all satirical shafts were aimed.

The prose writers of this age form a very increasingly numerous body. Among these may be mentioned, William Caxton, the celebrated printer. After printing some works in Ghent, he established a printing office in Westminster, and in 1474 appeared "The Game of Chess," the first book printed in Britain.

About this time, Sir Thomas More, was one of the first of our prose writers who "mingled just and striking thought with copious language." His curious philosophical work, entitled

"Utopia," was, however, written in Latin. He died on the scaffold, A. D. 1535.

Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, was chiefly distinguished for his able pamphlets against Lutheran doctrines. He died the same year as More, and in the same cause. Opposed to More, as a zealous reformer, Latimer finally perished at the stake, A. D. 1555. His sermons were published and evince a remarkable familiarity and drollery of style current at that period.

John Fox, author of "The History of the Acts and Monuments of the Church" (popularly called "The Book of Martyrs") laboured eleven years in the composition of this his chief work, which, though not devoid of errors, is considered an invaluable production by all true Protestants.

In this age, John Leland, the first English antiquarian, did great service to his country, by collecting innumerable records, and making researches in college libraries, abbeys, and cathedrals, in order to compile his great work, "The Itinerary."

To these literary men must be added the names of George Cavendish, the biographer of Cardinal Wolsey; of Lord Berners, the translator of "Froissart's Chronicles;" of John Bellenden, the topographer of Scotland; of Bale, bishop of Ossory, the Latin chronicler of "The Eminent Writers of Great Britain;" of Joseph William Tyndale, the celebrated translator of the scriptures; of Sir John Cheke, Thomas Wilson, and Roger Ascham.

This notice closes the period succeeding the age of Chaucer, or fourth period of English literature.

We now come to the middle of the sixteenth century, the epoch when English literature was destined to rise perhaps to its highest, and most majestic stature. Not only Greek and Roman writers, but those of Italy and France, had become familiar to the educated portion of the English community, and that portion was daily increasing. The philosophy of Plato had succeeded that of Aristotle. The inspired volume had disclosed the rich treasures of Hebrew literature, apart from those divine precepts which rank above all human knowledge, but which were also becoming more and more regarded among men, and ever opening the eyes of thousands to the existence of spiritual influences. The invention of the compass, and the discovery of America, had given an additional

stimulus to the human mind. Printing-presses were multiplying all the sources of mental culture and intellectual growth—the nation became possessed of a Sovereign who sought out every man of genius, and consummate ability to participate in her councils, a Sovereign who exemplified in herself a singular combination of learning, resolution, and sagacity.

It was, then, in the middle of Elizabeth's reign, that the literature of our country began to assume an ascendancy almost unequalled in the annals of the world.

In noticing this era of English literature, we shall be compelled to pass over the names of Thomas Sackville (Earl of Dorset,) Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Christopher Marlow, Robert Southwell, Samuel Daniel, Michael Drayton, Edward Fairfax, Sir Henry Wotton, Sir John Davies, John Donne, Thomas Carew, George Withers, Francis Quarles, George Herbert, Sir John Suckling, John Chalkhill, Robert Herrick, Richard Lovelace, Sir William Davenant, James Shirley, Richard Crawshaw, William Drummond, George Buchanan, and a host of dramatists and miscellaneous writers, who adorned the reign of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., and only touch upon a few of the leading writers, who threw all this mass of more than respectable talent completely into the shade.

Of these the first was Edmund Spenser. In the romantic abode of Kilcolman Castle, Ireland, the poet composed the chief part of "The Faëry Queen." Sir Walter Raleigh paid him a visit in 1589, and warmly approved of his friend's poem, (which Spenser read to him in MS.,) and persuaded the author so soon as he had completed three books, to proceed to England and make arrangements for their publication. In 1589-90, the poem appeared, dedicated to the Queen, and was enthusiastically received. Spenser died A. D. 1599, and was buried near Chaucer, in Westminster Abbey. But a greater than Spenser was about to appear. William Shakspeare, after the success of Greene, Peele, and Marlow, as dramatists, who had done much to prepare the public for an improved style of composition in blank verse, rose far above all his predecessors; and will, probably, remain as far above all his successors in the same walks of dramatic poetry.

This is not the place to enter upon the thousand interesting topics which this great man's genius and works have raised in our enquiring age. Suffice it to say, that, although he probably began, like most authors of the day, by altering and adding to the works of others, his original genius quickly led him to compose entirely for himself, although, to the last, he readily availed himself of any legend or history on which to found a plot, or by which a becoming incident might be suggested. There appears to be evidence that some of Shakspeare's early plays have gone through severe revision; the process being that of filling in, or remodelling the original sketch. It was not until several years after his death that a collected edition of Shakspeare's plays appeared, A.D. 1623. Shakspeare derived his inspiration from within. No man has shown a more consummate knowledge of the human heart; and coupled with this, no one has enjoyed a finer imagination, and a more exquisite fancy.

In the wake of Shakspeare, come Ben Johnson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and Massinger and Ford. Had Shakspeare's sun never risen above the horizon, any one of these men of genius would have shone forth with the brilliancy of a star of the first magnitude. To borrow another metaphor, they were destined, however, to be but gleaners behind the great reaper in the field of fame!

But to turn to the prose writers of this period, we must, for want of space, omit all mention of many of these, though we would willingly have dwelt upon such names as Hooker, Bacon, Howell, Hobbes, Hall, Feltham, Selden, Jeremy Taylor, and Sir Thomas Browne, all men of the finest intellect. The two latter especially, have done the cause of religion no small service by their admirable writings and sermons. At this period the antiquarian, William Camden, produced his "*Britannia*," a most useful repository of ancient and topographical lore.

There is one more interesting fact connected with the literature of this age, which must not be omitted, viz: the origin of newspapers. When the Spanish Armada was in the English Channel, A. D. 1588, it was the wise policy of Elizabeth to publish a newspaper, to prevent false reports of this formid-

able enemy reaching the ears of her subjects. The first English newspaper was entitled "The English Mercurie," and was an extraordinary gazette published by the Queen's authority. When the danger had subsided this publication was discontinued.

In the subsequent reign of James I., small quarto pamphlets of news occasionally made their appearance; but it was not until the Civil War between Charles I. and his Parliament, that hosts of newspapers were published. These were issued by the opposite parties, ridiculing each other in very uncere- monious language.

Here we must leave the fifth period of English literature, designated the age of Spenser and Shakspeare.

The epoch we are now entering upon, dates from the middle to the end of the seventeenth century, and is one of great celebrity, having produced the second greatest poet of England, John Milton: and, subsequently, another great poet and dramatist, John Dryden, beside a host of elegant writers in verse, such as Abraham Cowley, Edmund Waller, and Andrew Marvell; also the inimitable Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras;" and the dramatists, Thomas Otway, Nathaniel Lee, John Crowne, &c. Among the prose writers we find many of those already enumerated as poets, and to them we must add the names of Lady Rachael Russell, Thomas Fuller, Isaac Walton, Dr. Isaac Barrow, Archbishop Tillotson, Dr. Robert South, Richard Baxter, Robert Barclay, William Penn, John Bunyan, Lord Clarendon, Gilbert Burnet, John Locke, Honorable Robert Boyle, Sir Isaac Newton, John Ray, &c. &c.

Milton's poetry is all of so superior a quality, that, probably, any one of his compositions would be sufficient to gain a lasting reputation for a separate author. When we reflect that "Paradise Lost," (begun 1658, and not completed till 1665) the wonder of every subsequent age, produced to the poet, the paltry sum of £5. for the first edition, and the same sum for the second, we may rest assured that *hallowed* genius is destined to receive some higher reward, than frequently awaits its struggles on earth. Yes, that reward is assuredly held in store for the *divine* poet, and it may be, in a brighter paradise than even the inspired Milton pictured to himself!

The masterly satires of John Dryden have never been surpassed. His odes are also the admiration of every one who has perused them. His fables are delightfully descriptive and entertaining. His plays have fallen into oblivion. There is a want of delicacy and tenderness in the finest portions of them. They are strong and often repulsive portraits, and were but ill suited to the age in which they were composed, and much less so to our own.

Otway, has been more fortunate ; his " Venice Preserved " remains popular. It is fresh from the heart, and moves all our common sympathies.

Isaac Walton's " Complete Angler," retains all its former popularity ; and in another walk, Baxter's " Saint's Rest," and Bunyan's " Pilgrim's Progress," are as much in request as ever.

Lord Clarendon's " History of the Rebellion," has become a standard work. And the same may be said of Newton's " Principia," and Locke's " Essays." If this epoch had no other name than Newton's to boast of, it might well be proud of giving birth to the finest of human intellects.

Here we must conclude our notice of the age of Milton and Dryden, or sixth period, when English literature appears to have arrived at full maturity.

We now pass on to the reign of William III., Queen Anne, and George I., during which age arose a new kind of writers and poets, in the persons of Prior, Addison, Swift, Pope, Gay, Parnell, Ramsay ; and of dramatists, in Rowe, Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar.

This age produced those admirable essays from the pen of Steele and Addison, which had a most permanent effect upon the English mind. They were embodied in " The Spectator," and other similar works.

De Foe also wrote one of the most popular works of fiction in our language, " The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe."

Beside these authors, we find the names of Lady Mary Montague, Lord Bolingbroke, the Earl of Shaftsbury, Bishop Berkeley, Richard Bentley, Dr. Doddridge, and of many more critical, theological, and metaphysical writers.

Alexander Pope, of all these literary men, has left the

greatest name to posterity. His style was founded on that of Dryden, but "he gave the heroic couplet a peculiar terseness, correctness, and melody." There is no poet who has devoted more labour to polish and adorn his verse ; but what was then considered his great merit, has become, in the eyes of modern critics, a cause for censure. Pope was the founder of the artificial school of poetry, which has since given way to the higher claims of nature and originality. His translations were executed in the same style, and, therefore, did violence to the simplicity of the Greek muse. He was a consummate satirist, but generally lacked passion in his tenderer compositions, with one notable exception, however, the "Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard," where there is no want of it. His didactic poetry is of first rate excellence. "The Rape of the Lock," "The Essay on Man," and "The Messiah," are very popular specimens of his muse. He died at Twickenham, on 30th May, 1744.

The inimitable style, and admirable tendency of Addison's writings, are his greatest praise. He may be said to have raised the pleasing and instructive form of essay writing from comparative insignificance to the high position which it now holds amongst us. Had he written nothing but "The Vision of Mirza," he would have deserved our unqualified praise. But when we remember that he was occupied with official duties, and died at the early age of forty-seven, it is wonderful how much he achieved in literature. His poetry, though abounding in fine images, has not greatly added to his fame. He expired at Holland House, 17th June, 1719.

In 1725, Allan Ramsay published his celebrated pastoral drama of "The Gentle Shepherd." This stands at the head of this species of composition, and has never been equalled.

John Gay was one of the light and witty poets of this age. His "Fables" are now the best known to us of any of his works. His "Beggar's Opera" is also a very celebrated comedy, and has had a great run. The comedies of William Congreve and George Farquhar, abound, more than any others, in witty dialogue and lively incident, but their licentiousness has very properly banished them from the modern stage.

Leaving this brilliant circle of writers, (with whom our

notice of the age of Pope and Addison, or the 7th period of English literature must cease) we pass on to the authors of the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Here again we meet with a crowd of worthies too numerous to be mentioned individually. Among the poets we find the names of Young, Thomson, Collins, Shenstone, Akenside, Dyer, Gray, Goldsmith, Chatterton, Falconer, Beattie, Percy, Mason, &c. &c.

This age was distinguished by the genius of Johnson and the brilliancy of Sheridan, and had Garrick to personate its best dramatic productions on the stage.

It also gave birth to an almost new style of literature, "The Novel," in which Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Mackenzie, and many other writers, distinguished themselves. In addition to this, it produced historians of first rate excellence; Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, at their head. Nor were there wanting writers in divinity, metaphysics, and of a miscellaneous character, of great merit; among whom we may name Butler, Wharton, Watts, Wesley, Blair, Lowth, Adam Smith, Priestley, Burke, Blackstone, Walpole, and the disputed author of the letters of "Junius," &c. &c.

It is not difficult to see, amidst the varied productions of this assemblage of authors, that great progress had been made both in letters and in science, during the period we have described. Though Pope lived during a portion of it, Thomson, Young, Goldsmith, and Gray made for themselves separate roads to fame. Thomson's "Seasons" was certainly one of the greatest productions of the age, and has continued deservedly popular ever since. Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" is also a delightful poem; but the "Vicar of Wakefield" was destined to take the lead among the novels, which were for the first time making their appearance in English literature. On the stage, Goldsmith's comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer," was received with universal applause. The lyrics of Gray and Collins were a somewhat new species of composition, and did not at once take with the public, but have since become great favourites.

The ponderous learning and style of Johnson, and the moral tendency of his writings, gave great stability to the literature of this period.

He was the representative of the real Englishman ; independent, though prejudiced ; virtuous, high-minded, indefatigable, and gifted with great ability. As a poet he was stately and correct, but not sufficiently genial to reach the heart and affections, and also too prone to melancholy. His prose style is now considered too artificial and pompous.

Before entering upon the ninth and last period of English literature, (which may be said to be, as yet, incomplete, inasmuch, as it brings us down to the present day, and is still in existence) it may be well to pause a moment, and review the space we have travelled over.

The rise of English literature, and especially of English poetry, may, perhaps, not inaptly be compared to the ascent of a sky-rocket, slow and steady at the commencement, but gathering speed and strength every moment ; then rapid and majestic, until it reaches the zenith ; then branching out into an infinitude of glorious stars !

It is thus we may trace the rise of our national poetry from Cædmon, Longlande, and Chaucer, to Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton ; then downward to Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Goldsmith, and a hundred other beautiful scintillations of genius, which are still illuminating the horizon of literature.

The first era presents us with the rudest form of poetry, without rhyme or metre, depending on alliteration alone.

The second is still rude, but adorned with rhyme and metre, chiefly in the octo-syllabic couplet, and advanced from mere ballad to miscellaneous poetry ; shewing the latent germ of almost all the styles of composition yet undeveloped.

The third is principally in the heroic couplet, and having received great acquisitions from the Italian school, becomes picturesque and descriptive in the works of Chaucer.

The fourth has made further progress in allegorical, moral, satirical, and amatory strains, adding the sonnet and blank verse to the metres previously in vogue.

The fifth yielding a new stanza, makes a magnificent ascent in the allegorical and descriptive genius of Spenser, and afterwards in the transcendant dramatic genius of Shakspeare and his successors.

The sixth rises still higher in the sublime epic of Milton ;

whilst the other walks of poetry are strikingly embellished by the masterly genius of Dryden.

The seventh spreads out still further into the various regions of didactic, pastoral, and satirical composition, adding an artificial poignancy of wit, and melody of versification, previously unknown, and boasting of a Pope, a Ramsay, and a Congreve.

And lastly, *the eighth* era affords still more gorgeous descriptions of nature and art—more sentiment, and more harmony to the English lyre, adorned by a Thomson, a Goldsmith, a Collins, and a Gray.

Were we to refer to the prose writers in a similar manner, we should find the growth of English prose more rapid than that of poetry.

The first and second period produced scarcely any English prose, almost all prose compositions being in Latin.

The third period brought forth the travels of Mandeville and Wickliffe's translations of the Bible.

The fourth presented a considerable advance in divinity, topography, biography, and history, in the writings of More, Fox, and Leland.

The fifth took a great stride in prose composition, it gave birth to Hooker, Bacon, Hobbes, Taylor, and Camden.

The sixth made a still more gigantic leap, leaving to posterity a Newton, a Bunyan, a Locke, a Barrow, and a Baxter.

The seventh produced more wit than any, and gave us the essays of "The Spectator."

The eighth and last period, was distinguished by the novels of Richardson, Fielding and Smollett; the histories of Hume and Gibbon; and the compositions of Butler and Adam Smith.

Leaving the age of Thomson, Goldsmith, and Johnson, or eighth period of English literature, (from which we have made this digression,) we must hurry forward to the end of our task, and glance at some of the last great men who have figured as authors.

As in the preceding generation, so in this, the love of reading among the British public was steadily augmenting. The diffusion of knowledge was spreading far and wide, and the most stirring national events were rousing the minds of Englishmen, from one end of the land to the other.

We find, then, our task of delineation, becoming more and more difficult, as the plot thickens around us, and the multitude of active minds increase at every stage, until we stand at the threshold of our own day. Conspicuous among the enlightened and elegant poets of the last generation, is the name of William Cowper. His powers of satire and description, have seldom been surpassed, and the christian spirit which has chastened his muse, gives a lofty place to his noble efforts to instruct and improve mankind. Robert Bloomfield, about the same time, rose by the inspiration of nature, from a farmer's boy to a high rank as a descriptive poet. But not till Robert Burns had far surpassed him, in the matchless spirit of his "Cotter's Saturday Night," and of his master-piece, "Tam-O'Shanter." The genius of Burns deserves our best attention, but we must hurry away from him.

The witty Dr. Walcot, the author of "Peter Pindar," struck out a walk in poetry worthy of the author of "Hudibras."

The amiable Henry Kirke White gave promise of high excellence, but was quickly carried from his labours to his grave. James Grahame, George Crabbe, Samuel Rogers, William Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Robert Southey, Thomas Moore, Thomas Campbell, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, James Hogg, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Allan Cunningham, John Keats, and James Montgomery rapidly appeared, and were destined to lead the various schools of poetry into which they finally subdivided themselves, with a genius which has seldom been equalled.

To these names in England and America, we may add those of Darwin, Bowles, Landor, Heber, Wolfe, Pollock, Hunt, Wilson, Hemans, Barton, Wiffen, Milman, Keble, Landon, Elliott, Norton, Howitt, Tennyson, Hood, Macaulay, Bryant, Longfellow, Milnes, Willis, Whittier, Colton, Lowell, and a hundred more living authors, who have reaped honours in verse.

Among the dramatists, the names of Knowles and Talfourd stand forth as the most conspicuous.

Among the novelists, the names of Scott, Edgeworth, Irving, Bulwer, Marryat, James, Cooper, and Dickens may be specified, but how many more might be added !

Among historians, Mitford, Lingard, Hallam, Napier, Mackintosh, Turner, and Prescott are perhaps the best known.

As we have included the names of some of the leading American authors in those above mentioned, it may be well to add a few words on American literature.

America has so constantly followed in the footsteps of the mother country, and relied so little on her own resources, that many writers have asserted that she can lay claim to no literature of her own.

We think, however, the day may not be very far distant, when she will assert her independence in this matter, as she has already done in others, and display a decided originality of thought in literary productions. She can already boast of several eminent poets, novelists, historians, and essayists. But we cannot pretend to give catalogues of the authors of our own day.

In biography, criticism, metaphysics, divinity, science, political economy, and miscellaneous writing, the number is enormous; especially are the authors of "Travels" increased.

The school of what has been called the "Lake Poets" has made a decided change in the public appreciation of the elder and more artificial style of poetry; and this is one of the leading features of the day, that the "Lake Poets" have thus risen to their present proud pre-eminence.

Sir Walter Scott's name is certainly above that of all modern writers of fiction, and to him we owe the elevation of that branch of writing to the lofty position in which he has placed it. We hope that the "Waverley Novels" will never lose their hold on the public estimation. As regards the poetry of this age, we challenge the whole host of English writers in verse, with the exception of Milton and Shakspeare, to afford more genuine poetry than the last seventy years have produced. This may be attributed to the rise and appreciation of German literature, and the breaking down of the old conventional style of poetic diction, and the influx of original thought into the compositions of later days; for thought, and not *words*, are daily becoming the criterion of excellence, as well in prose as in verse. Mere *style* will not obtain a reader; *matter* and not *manner* being first looked to in all modern writers.

George Crabbe has produced a kind of poetry out of elements that at first sight appear very unpoetical ; to him great praise is due for the originality of some of his conceptions, and the vigorous manner in which they are handled.

The poetry of Sir Walter Scott is chiefly of one class ; but never were legendary lore, high-born chivalry, and romantic adventure set forth in more engaging colours. In 1805, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" made its appearance. In 1808, "Marmion." In 1810, "The Lady of the Lake." In 1813, "Rokeby." In 1814, "The Lord of the Isles." The world was enchanted ! and held so from 1814 to 1831, by Scott's magnificent series of prose fictions. On 21st September, 1832, Sir Walter Scott breathed his last at his mansion of Abbotsford. He was certainly a giant in literature, who achieved more in the compass of thirty years, than has been done by any but a few of his predecessors. It is said that Scott retreated from poetry when the genius of Byron was fully acknowledged.

Byron, like Burns, burst upon the world in full splendour, like some dazzling meteor. His two first cantos of "Childe Harold" appeared in 1812. "I awoke one morning," said he, "and found myself famous !" It was so. A rapid succession of Eastern tales enchanted the poetic taste. These were followed by the concluding cantos of "Childe Harold"—by five cantos of "Don Juan,"—a number of Dramas—and by the concluding ten cantos of "Don Juan." Byron expired at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on 19th April, 1824, in his thirty-seventh year. The world had never seen the same extraordinary combination of misanthropy, passionate tenderness, poetic fervour, sublime contemplation, and sarcastic wit ; consequently, the "Childe Harold" has no equal—"Don Juan" no prototype or sequel. The whimsical combination of the sublime, the passionate, the tender, and the ridiculous were never before so blended in the same author. As Byron never forgot his own identity in his works, his dramas are monologues, and his apostrophes are pure soliloquies, where his own lamentations are distinctly audible. His writings are frequently tinged with a bad moral tendency, as much so as his own manners and principles were at fault, but when sufficiently

on the guard against these tendencies, the reader may luxuriate in the nobler and more transcendent qualities he possesses as a consummate poet and versifier.

Shelley died before he was thirty years of age, being drowned whilst sailing in his yacht in the bay of Spezia, near Leghorn, 8th July, 1822. Keats died still earlier, in his twenty-fifth year, 27th December, 1820. What these gifted men might have produced, had their lives been spared, is not for us to say ; the fragments which they have left behind them are replete with genius, though unhappily their religious opinions were perverted from the truth.

Of Wordsworth, Southey, Montgomery, Moore and Campbell, we have spoken elsewhere in high terms of praise, and this must be our apology for passing them by here, without further comment.

We have alluded before to the establishment of newspapers, in the times of Queen Elizabeth, James I., and during the Civil Wars between Charles and his Parliament.

This form of literature has increased more than any we can mention, and is now exercising a most powerful influence over the minds of all classes of the community.

In addition to newspapers we may notice reviews and magazines, as the growth of this period.

The Edinburgh Review, was commenced in October, 1802, to support Whig principles. The Quarterly Review, started in 1809, to represent Conservative opinions, and since these an infinite number of reviews and magazines have been published periodically, and are now occupying the attention, not only of the first *writers*, but readers of the day.

Here, then, is a prominent feature of our times, and we might almost imagine that newspapers and magazines were finally destined to swallow up all the rest of our literature. We have also a number of cheap reprints of standard works, perpetually issuing from the press, together with original articles of great merit. Among these series, we may mention "Constable's Miscellany," the "Family Library," and "Lardner's Cyclopædia," now concluded ; also the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library," "The Library of Entertaining Knowledge," "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal," "Miscellany," and "Tracts ;" "The Penny Maga-

zine," "The Penny Cyclopædia," "Knight's Weekly Volume," "Smith's Standard Library," "The Home and Colonial Library," &c.

The establishment of Literary and Scientific Institutions, has greatly extended, in our days, the means by which knowledge is acquired, by giving birth to popular lectures.

In every branch of science, the greatest activity prevails, and perhaps we may safely conjecture, that more will be achieved in the way of *scientific* discovery, than in fresh works of a purely literary character.

Every species of poetical composition has been attempted with striking success.

The epic, the dramatic, the lyric, the didactic, the descriptive, the allegorical, the pastoral, the humorous, the sentimental, the satiric form of composition have all been carried almost to perfection, consequently the difficulty of finding new images and new themes becomes daily greater.

With regard to the epic form, it has been said, that history does not afford a new theme for an epic poem, but of this we are not so sure.

As regards the prospects of the English *acted* drama, if we may hazard a conjecture, we think them very poor, but as regards the *written* drama we think otherwise.

To those who derive as much, if not more, pleasure, in reading in their closets or at their fire sides, compositions in the dramatic form, to witnessing their scenic representation, this will not be a matter of serious regret. We feel little doubt, then, that the English *written* drama will long survive the *acted* drama, in the same way as the ballad-form of poetry has survived the age in which it was invariably coupled with music.

The art of versifying is now so generally known, that a piece of nearly faultless composition ceases to astonish us. We meet with such in almost all our magazines. The same remarks apply, in degree, to prose writings. What form of composition is there, that has not been carried to great perfection? What then, it may be asked, remains for a future age to achieve? In fact, what are the prospects of English Literature? We would reply, that in this sifting age, when the spirit of enquiry

is every where abroad, when the hieroglyphics of Egypt no longer remain a mystery, the minute examination of facts, of causes and effects, the analysis of matter and of mind, afford, together with scientific enquiry of every description, a still increasing field for diligent labour. In addition to this, until we have brought the literature of all civilized nations, past and present, to our own doors, we need not stand idle; and from these elements, and more than all, from the depths of the human mind, may still be drawn, by real genius, fresh triumphs of literary achievement.

Let us then, no longer, suppose that British Literature has no prospect of advancement. Rather let us be willing to believe, that the noble models we already possess in every variety of style and composition, are as incontestible proofs of what *may* be done, as, of what *has* been done; and as each successive age progresses in the great march of intellectual culture and social refinement, there will assuredly arise, according to the wants and capacity of that age, minds of gigantic growth, capable of giving to our literature still more imperishable relics of heaven-born genius.

Having said thus much on the rise, growth, maturity, and prospects of English Literature, we would conclude by a few general observations particularly addressed to the members of Literary and Scientific Institutions.

In the remarks which we are about to make, we are desirous not to speak with disparagement of the advantages generally attendant on high birth, and a systematic education—but rather to encourage those, whose lot has been otherwise cast, in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

Let no man think that obscure birth or poverty are insuperable barriers to knowledge and fame. In all ages of the world, history tells us the reverse. We may remember, that among the ancients, *Æsop*, *Terence*, and *Epictetus* were slaves—*Protagoras* was a common porter, and *Cleanthes* a pugilist. Again, in modern times, *Ben Jonson* was a bricklayer—*Isaac Walton* was a draper—*Inigo Jones* was the son of a cloth dresser—*Linneus* was apprenticed to a shoemaker—the classic *Winckleman's* father was of the same trade—*De Foe* was a horse dealer, and afterwards a brick-maker—*Dollond* was a weaver—*Sir*

William Herschel a musician in the Hanoverian guards—Arkwright and Belzoni were barbers ! Among the poets of celebrity, we have Allan Ramsay, a miner—Henry Kirke White, the son of a butcher—Robert Burns, and Robert Bloomfield, labouring men—Falconer, a sailor—and the French poet, Molière, the son of an upholsterer. None of these occupations were naturally poetical, certainly not—but these men triumphed over all difficulties. Among the great painters—we have Opie, the son of a carpenter—Hogarth, apprenticed to an engraving silversmith—Barry, a cabin boy—West and Gainsborough, the sons of indigent parents—Sir Thomas Lawrence, an Innkeeper's son—Jackson, (a Yorkshireman,) the son of a village tailor—Quinten Matsys, the celebrated Dutch painter, was a blacksmith, at Antwerp—and the unrivalled Claude Lorraine, was a pastry cook ! All these individuals were, (as regards the branch of knowledge or of art in which they excelled), self-educated men—to whom may be added an innumerable list of names, now familiar to us all—names that will live for ever—such as Erasmus—Shakspeare—Columbus—Kepler—Dr. Johnson—Dr. Parr—Goldsmith—Ferguson—Franklin—Captain Cook—Watt and Bewick. These men are instances of the successful pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. There is not one of them that did not overcome the greatest natural obstacles by unwearied application.

Again, let us look at men who have triumphed over their peculiar circumstances ; whose ardour was not damped by the gloomy walls of a dungeon, or quenched by the dreary years of banishment. Ovid strung his lyre in exile, on the barren shores of the Euxine. Tasso, in the stony cell of Ferrara. Sir Walter Raleigh penned his sweetest lines in the tower—and James I., (of Scotland,) in a twenty years' imprisonment, became the first royal poet of modern times. Cervantes produced his inimitable "Don Quixote"—and Elliott his "Monarchy of Man," in the stern confines of a gaol. These men have proved the truth of Lovelace's elegant stanza :—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage."

Nor is *age* an insuperable obstacle to the acquirement of

knowledge. It is never too late to become a scholar, or a great man. Cato, the censor, learnt Greek in his old age. King Alfred was twelve years old before he could repeat his alphabet. Cromwell was forty-two years of age before he fought his first battle—and Blake was fifty before he entered the navy. Nor are natural defects insuperable barriers to knowledge or fame. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of all ages, overcame the natural impediment in his speech. From “the blind old bard of Scio’s rocky isle,” to our immortal Milton, we have innumerable examples of natural defects being overcome. In modern times, we have a Saunderson, a Blacklock, and a Moyes, and scholars, musicians, and mathematicians in abundance, who have struggled with the terrible calamity of natural blindness, and triumphed over all difficulties. Let no one be discouraged. It appears, indeed, that self-educated men are the most likely to succeed in the attainment of knowledge. It matters not what their parentage may be—it matters not to what occupation they may have been brought up—it matters little at what period of life they are determined to become acquainted with knowledge—it matters less under what natural disadvantages they labour. The great road to wisdom is open to all men, it has been travelled in all centuries, by men, too, of all classes, of all conditions, and of all ages, and it has brought the wayfaring man, who diligently pursues the beaten track, to the fount of Helicon or the academic grove! The goddess of wisdom is no respecter of persons! Oh, no! She invites all her votaries to partake of the same ambrosial feast; she opens wide the golden gates of knowledge to all kindreds, tongues, and people; she beckons all men to enter in, summoning them alike “from the thrones of Cæsars’ to the hermit’s cell!”

These banquets, however, are only spread for those who will forsake the more crowded paths to pleasure (alas! how often the paths to pain!) where the multitude are but too frequently found walking, and leaving, every step they take, some real gratification—some lasting enjoyment still further behind them.

It has been said, and the adage is an old one, that “knowledge is power,” but of what does this power consist? We

will not conceal that there are dangers attendant upon it—that knowledge may be perverted—that it may become a curse instead of a blessing—that the poor weak heart of man may be so puffed up with a conceit of its own acquirements—of its own innate capacity, as to spurn what its finite reason cannot comprehend, and to reject what is beyond the reach of its limited vision, that this may follow the acquisition of knowledge, has, unhappily, been too frequently experienced—experienced by men, indeed, who have left a deathless name behind them—by men whose genius remains undoubted, but by men who seem to have toiled, laboured, and lived in vain, unless it were to attest to ages yet unborn, how little to be envied are great abilities, great acquirements, immense learning, and extraordinary genius, unless coupled with “that wisdom which passeth all understanding,”—the wisdom from above.

Well might the poet exclaim—

“ Oh, star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair ?
Ah me ! the laurel'd wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul—so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic-head !
What is the bigot's torch—the tyrant's chain ?
I smile on death, if heaven-ward Hope remain !
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife,
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked, inexorable power,
This frail and feverish being of an hour !
Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels o'er the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while—
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain,
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain !
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb ! ”

But turning from this melancholy picture of wasted talents, and perverted acquirements, let us view the wide field which the pursuit of literature and science opens to the enquiring mind—a field so wide we hardly know how to enter upon it in these cursory remarks. Under the head of literature, we find an accumulation of classic lore—of stoic philosophy—of breathing eloquence—of poetic imagination—whilst the

chronicles of other days bring back the past with all the freshness of yesterday. The history of the rise and fall of empires—the lives, thoughts, and actions of the illustrious dead—the beautiful creations of the glowing fancy of those immortal bards, over whose graves hundreds, ay, thousands of years have rolled away, are all unfolded to our wondering mind. Nor is this all, whether we study in the tongues of nations, now swept from the earth, or in languages foreign to our own,—whether we content ourselves with the classics of our native country, rich in biography, rich in history, rich in poetry, rich in all that can charm the antiquarian, the philosopher, the divine, the critic, we shall find that an hour passed in converse with the stores therein contained, is not an hour thrown away, wasted, or mispent—perhaps, we may rise from the perusal of that very page, with a flood of new light poured upon our understanding, with new ideas created in our mind—with loftier sentiments—more refined feelings—more extended views—more matured judgment—with higher hopes—with holier thoughts; in fact, we may rise from the perusal of that page, happier, wiser, and better men.

Let us now turn to the scientific world. Under the head of science, we explore those hidden and mysterious causes which are daily at work in this vast universe, and thus we may be permitted to lift the veil which covers the secret workings of nature, and view with wonder and delight the creatures and creations of that Almighty hand, whose omnipotence has not always rejected, in the plenitude of its power, the more visible and intelligible agency of cause and effect. To trace these as far as they may be traced—to watch their unerring motion to their ultimate destination, and, *vice versa*, to retrace them to their remote origin, are subjects of enquiry worthy of every intelligent and thinking mind. Astronomy, geology, natural philosophy, zoology, anatomy, botany, chemistry, mathematics, and a hundred other sciences, teem with instruction, and each of them affords a separate enquiry, a distinct enjoyment in its pursuit, according to the previously constituted complexion of the mind. They each furnish abundant proofs of the munificence of that Being who formed the heavens, with its sun, and moon, and countless firmament of stars, who formed the earth

and all therein contained—man, the greatest wonder of creation, endowed with reason and blessed with immortality—and after man, the infinite variety of animal life which sport on land, in air, in water, from the huge mammoth to the tiny animalcule—of that Being, who reared the vegetable world in countless number, shade, and shape, from the stately oak to the delicate lichen—and lastly, who wrought the strange and wondrous treasures buried in the bowels of the earth, or concealed in the depths of the ocean, so admirably adapted to the wants and purposes of man.

These are all displayed in their true form, and accurately delineated by the hand of Science—and may be viewed through her telescopic or microscopic eye, so as to fill us with renewed admiration of the author and giver of all good. And this is not all; when the man who has thus devoted himself to literary and scientific pursuits, has entered upon the borders of old age—his mind is so stored with the researches of past years—that he finds food for reflection—a perpetual feast for thought—a solace in declining health and strength, which will amply repay the labour bestowed upon its acquirement.

In conclusion, we may be permitted to remark, that however amazing the trophies of intellectual strength—however glorious the achievements of scientific research—yet so long as the soul remains clogged with the clay of her mortal tenement, there is a bound which she cannot pass over, there is a depth she cannot fathom; but when “this mortal shall have put on immortality, and this corruptible shall have put on incorruption,” *then*, and not till *then*, we may *hope* that the mind, unshackled by her earthly tabernacle, and clothed in her spiritual garb, shall expand in all her varied faculties, and shall be enabled to see the hitherto invisible agency of the wonder-working God. That *then* the mind, borne on the swift pinion of angelic wing, shall range from star to star, and from system to system—that *then* the mind shall commune with spirits of infinite intelligence, unfettered by the trammels of an imperfect language; for soul shall be revealed to soul, as material objects are cognizable to the visual organs—that *then* the mind shall look back on the past, through an undying remembrance; for memory shall yield

up her secret store undiminished, and undimmed by ages—that *then* the mind shall master without an effort, and without fatigue, abstract truths and speculations of the most complicated kind ; and thus by progressive revelations of intellectual power, be enabled to compute throughout eternity some of the inexhaustible wealth of an Infinite Intelligence.

This is the climax of all our hopes. Oh ! let it be the aim of all our endeavours ! Let us strive to walk *here* as becomes those who would walk *hereafter* in communion with that Infinite Being in the glorious mansions of unfading bliss !

This lecture was read at "The Wakefield Mechanics' Institute," *Oct.* 1845, and at "The Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society," *Nov.* 1845, and was copied into the papers of "The Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes," *April*, 1846.

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The author has to acknowledge much assistance derived from "Chambers' Cyclopædia of Literature"—"The Library of Entertaining Knowledge"—and "Taylor's Physical Theory of Another Life."

LECTURE II.

MENTAL PHENOMENA, AND THE CULTIVATION OF THE MIND.

SUCH is our ignorance of both *mind* and *matter*, that after the most minute examination into their component parts, we can do little, with regard to the latter, but resolve it into certain ingredients, beyond which we have no power to go ; and with regard to the former, all attempts to subdivide that which thinks within us have utterly failed. But if we consider the mind as *indivisible*, yet passing from one state or affection to another, this appears to be the only practicable analysis of which we are capable.

It would be of little use to detail the various theories and systems which have amused and perplexed the world on this difficult subject of metaphysics ; we may, however, be justly proud of that noble work on the understanding, by Locke, which, though not without faults, has done more, perhaps, than any other book, to clear the subject from the cloud of error in which it was previously enveloped.

But it is to the Scotch professors of moral philosophy of our own day, that we look for the most beautiful and striking illustration of mental phenomena, and to none more deservedly than to the late Dr. Brown.

His views on the philosophy of the human mind are contained in the hundred lectures which he delivered to the Students in the University of Edinburgh.

These lectures are full of the happiest illustrations, making, what many would suppose a very dry subject,—quite the

reverse. They abound in quotations from ancient and modern works, as well as with apt illustrations from the poets, and evince a very extensive acquaintance with universal literature.

In the limits of this paper, we can merely give a rapid sketch of Dr. Brown's system, which does not necessarily involve the question of materialism, as that point is left for discussion at the close, and does not affect the theory which he has propounded.

The advantage which Dr. Brown's system has over those of some of his cotemporaries, is, in his mode of simplifying many of the phenomena of mind, and tracing them, by a subtle analysis, to one and the same source ; this is particularly the case, as we shall have occasion subsequently to remark, with regard to the power of "suggestion."

Again, "consciousness" has been treated by many writers as a distinct function of the mind ; Dr. Brown considers it only as a general term for all our feelings, sensations, thoughts, desires, &c.

Again with regard to "mental identity," (a subject which has occupied, we think, very unnecessarily, a great deal of time)—it may be asked, how can we prove that the mind we possess in 1846, is the mind we possessed in 1836 ? The same difficulty occurs with regard to "bodily identity," for the daily waste and aliment of our corporeal part is said to change every particle of the body every seven years ! How then can we prove our bodily identity after the lapse of seven years ? We think these questions are best answered in the words of the parody, which the Society of Free-thinkers communicated to Martinus Scriblerus, viz., as follows. "Sir John Cutler had a pair of black *worsted* stockings, which his maid darned so often with *silk*, that they came at last a pair of *silk* stockings. Now, supposing these stockings of Sir John's endued with some degree of consciousness at every particular darning, they would have been sensible, *that they were the same individual pair of stockings both before and after the darning* ; and this sensation would have continued in them through all the succession of darnings ; and, yet, after the last of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the first pair of stockings, but they were grown to be *silk* stockings, as was said before !"

Having got over the difficulty of believing in our mental identity, we proceed to the classification of the phenomena of mind. Dr. Brown divides these into two great classes, the *external* and *internal*. The *external* states and affections of the mind, comprise the changes produced by the actual presence of external objects, of which we become cognizant through the senses, (our bodily organs being considered as external to the mind.) The *internal* states and affections of the mind are divided into two great orders, our *intellectual* states, and our *emotions*.

Our external affections of mind, then, comprise the feelings derived through our corporeal organs of smell, taste, hearing, touch, and vision.

Here we might properly enter upon the physical structure of the brain and nervous system, as the apparent medium through which the process of sensation is carried on ; but time will not permit even of a brief notice of this interesting subject.

If our recollections of childhood were sufficiently clear, we should most probably discover the process by which we first obtained our knowledge of surrounding matter by its resistance to our touch, the measuring of distances by the eye, and a hundred other branches of knowledge, (derived in infancy, through the intervention of the senses,) which have long ago become familiar to us, but of the early acquisition of which we have probably now no remembrance.

Dr. Brown has remarked in connexion with the external affections of the mind, that, what we term "*attention*," is not a simple mental state, but a combination of feelings arising out of the *desire* which accompanies the exercise of the mind at the time, and which heightens all the susceptibilities whenever present,—but of "the desires" we shall have to speak subsequently.

It was a common opinion with our older Metaphysicians, that an "idea," or separate image, existed in the mind, distinct from the perception itself, but this ideal system may now be considered as quite exploded.

Passing from the *external* to the *internal* affections of the mind, we will first consider the *intellectual* phenomena, and then the *emotions*.

Dr. Brown has very ingeniously resolved the whole of the *intellectual* phenomena of the mind into what he terms *simple* and *relative* suggestion. There appears to be no limit to the powers of suggestion in the human mind ; but the chief laws of suggestion may be traced to resemblance, contrast, nearness of place or time, &c., &c. Perhaps one of the most interesting parts of Dr. Brown's theory is that, where he reduces a number of supposed faculties of the mind, such as conception, memory, imagination, &c., to the law of simple suggestion.

Let us take as an example, (in illustration of one of these faculties so reduced to the law of suggestion,) that of memory, the words which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Mrs. Quickly, to force upon Sir John Falstaff his promise of marriage.

FALSTAFF.—“What is the gross sum that I owe thee?”

HOSTESS.—“Marry, if thou wert an honest man, *thyself* and *thy money* too. Thou didst swear to me on a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table by a sea-coal-fire, on Wednesday, in Whitsun-week, when the Prince brake thy head for likening him to a singing-man of Windsor ; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me ‘My Lady,’ thy wife. Canst thou deny it ? Did not good wife Keech, the butcher’s wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly ? Coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar, telling us she had a good dish of prawns ; whereby thou didst desire to eat some ; whereby I told thee that they were ill for a green wound. And didst not thou, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so *familiarity* with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me ‘Madam ?’ and didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings ? I put thee now to thy oath, deny it if thou canst !”

Here are suggestions enough to refresh the worthy knight’s memory ! Leaving *simple* suggestion, we come to the more complex order of *relative* suggestions.

Here we naturally enter upon the whole process of reasoning, which Dr. Brown as ingeniously reduces under the head of *relative* suggestion. Thus what we term judgment, reason, abstraction, &c., he considers to be the ordinary results of

relative suggestion. Thus he maintains, and very justly, that there is a natural order of succession in the mental process of reasoning, which brings us to a sound judgment, independently of any acquaintance with scholastic logic, and this process of suggestion (one proposition springing out of another) is the natural exhibition of our mental capacity, and not by any means an artificial process.

The last order of the internal affections of the mind, is that of the *emotions*. These Dr. Brown classifies under three heads, viz:—*immediate*, *retrospective*, and *prospective*: and each of these he subdivides, as it involves, or does not involve, some moral affection. Under the head of *immediate* emotions, (not necessarily involving any moral affection,) we find the emotion of wonder or surprise, and languor, or “ennui” (as the French term it) of beauty, and its opposite—deformity, of sublimity and ludicrousness, &c. Under the head of *immediate* emotions (in which moral feeling is necessarily involved) we find the feelings distinctive of vice and virtue, love and hate, sympathy, pride and humility, &c. With regard to beauty, Dr. Brown considers that it is not any thing which exists in objects independently of the mind which perceives them, but is that pleasing emotion which varies, like all our other emotions, under different circumstances and with varying susceptibilities. Sublimity is an emotion nearly allied, but united with a feeling of vague indefinable grandeur in its object, intermediate between mere admiration and awe. Dr. Brown remarks with regard to ludicrousness, that it is chiefly produced by the combination of *general incongruity* with partial and expected *congruity* of the mere images brought before us.

This frequently strikes us forcibly in the game of “cross-questions and crooked answers.” The following incongruous cross readings and paragraphs, supposed to be taken from a newspaper, will illustrate our meaning; they are the production of Mr. Whiteford.

“The sword of state was carried—

“Before Sir John Fielding and committed to Newgate.”

“Last night the Princess Royal was baptised—

“Mary, alias Moll Hacket, alias Black Moll.”

- "This morning the Right Hon. the Speaker—
 "Was convicted of keeping a disorderly house."
 "A certain Commoner will be created a Peer—
 "No great reward will be offered."
 "Yesterday, the Lord Mayor was sworn in—
 "Afterwards tossed and gored several persons."
 "When the honor of Knighthood was conferred upon him—
 "To the great joy of that noble family."
 "A fine turtle weighing upwards of eighty pounds—
 "Was carried before the sitting Alderman."
 "'Tis said the ministry is to be new modelled—
 "The repairs of which will cost the public a large sum
 annually."
 "This has occasioned a cabinet council to be held—
 "At Betty's fruit shop, in St. James' street."
 "One of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State—
 "Fell off the shafts, being asleep, and the wheels ran over
 him."
 "He was examined before the sitting Alderman—
 "And no questions asked."
 "Genteel places in any of the public offices—
 "So much admired by the nobility and gentry."
 "This morning will be married the Lord Viscount—
 "And afterwards hung in chains, pursuant to his sentence."

Under the head of *retrospective* emotions, (as they relate to others) Dr. Brown beautifully illustrates the emotions of anger and gratitude, and (as they relate to ourselves,) of regret and gladness. Under the head of *prospective* emotions, we naturally come to the great family of desires and fears, under the influence of which we are constantly held.

Dr. Brown selects some of the most prominent of our desires upon which he dwells at great length, such as our desire of continued existence, of pleasure, of society, of knowledge, of power, (embracing ambition and avarice,) of affection, of glory, of the happiness of those we love, of the unhappiness of those we hate, &c.

Dr. Brown's theory of avarice makes the passion of the miser depend more on a painful feeling of regret at parting with the smallest portion of his hoard, lest he should become *poor*, than on the pleasing feeling of enjoyment in the acquisition of treasure, and the comforts attending upon wealth ; which comforts he is never to enjoy, because he will never make their purchase, lest he should become indigent.

As we have said little on the subject of the passions or desires, which are, perhaps, some of the most interesting parts of our mental endowment, in which we all partake alike, we propose to investigate them according to the principle laid down by Dr. Cogan, who has written a very able treatise upon them and in further illustration of the subject, we have made use of Sir Charles Bell's "Anatomy of Expression," where the leading features of the passions are admirably pourtrayed, together with their physical developement.

Before entering upon the analysis of the passions, a question of considerable interest suggests itself, viz., had the passions an existence from the first creation of man, or did they enter the human breast in consequence of his sin and fall ?

Some moral writers have adopted the latter opinion, and considered them as the effects of a sinful and fallen nature.

If we refer the origin of the passions, as Dr. Cogan has done, to the great fundamental principle implanted in the soul, viz., "an ardent desire for well-being or happiness," we shall have no difficulty in shewing why the *painful* emotions were not called into action, so long as man remained in a state of innocence. "Supposing this principle to be implanted in the breast, it would follow, that whatever seemed to produce well-being, or happiness, would inspire love ; and whatever tended to produce misery, would inspire hatred. And from these primary passions of love and hatred, spring all the other passions and emotions."

When we examine what is most likely to produce happiness, we find that a perfect state of innocence, a full possession of all we desire, a total absence of fear and pain, or a joyful anticipation of future good, are the main causes of our felicity.

On the other hand, when we consider what is most likely to produce misery, we find that the consciousness of sin, the fear

of punishment and death, the injuries of our enemies, the loss of our friends, and the numerous calamities incident to human nature, are the great interruptions to our happiness.

Those circumstances favourable to happiness, excite the pleasing passions of love, hope, and joy ; while those attendant on misery, inspire the painful emotions of fear, anger, and sorrow.

When we consider the peculiar situation of our first parents, placed as they were, in a beautiful garden, abounding with every thing that could charm the sight, or gratify the senses ; when we consider their souls as the tranquil abodes of innocence and love, from which arose pure and acceptable aspirations to the great Author of their being, we must acknowledge that they were placed infinitely beyond the reach of those painfully exciting causes, which we have already enumerated, as productive of the dreadful emotions of fear, sorrow, and anger.

But the cold moralists we have alluded to, by depriving the happy pair of *all passions whatever*, deny them the possession of the pleasurable as well as of the painful ones. They deprive them of the delightful emotions of joy, love, and hope, the only medium through which their happiness must flow. They deprive them of the feelings of veneration and awe, mingled with love towards an infinitely superior being, the genuine emotions of piety. And lastly, they deprive them of a thousand pleasing sensations of fond solicitude, or tender sympathy, which are the great charms of mutual endearment.

Laying aside the passions of whatever kind they may be, whether painful or pleasurable, what shall we substitute in their stead ? The unerring voice of reason ? Was it, then, the unerring voice of reason that guided our parents in the hapless hour of their first disobedience ? Or was it not rather the voice of reason, overruled by the passion of ambition, excited in their minds by the deceitful promise of the tempter ? —the vain ambition of being wise like the Gods ?

If they had been guided by reason alone, how could they have fallen ? If the slaves of reason, how were they free agents ? Taking into consideration all these things, we have been led to form the opinion that the passions, under the

guidance of reason, were implanted in the breast of man at the creation, by the great Author of his being, as indispensable to his happiness.

It seems to us probable that the introduction of sin and death into the world, which still remains a mighty mystery, brought with it a host of exciting causes, unknown to a state of innocence, which have produced, in the most fearful manner, those painful emotions that till then peacefully slumbered in the human breast.

But leaving the barren regions of speculation, to those who are more able and willing than ourselves to explore them, we will proceed to examine the passions as they now operate upon the human frame.

The subject cannot appear void of interest, when we consider that the passions are the great springs of action, and the parents of all affections which alternately take possession of the mind, during every moment of our existence, from the cradle to the grave. The great use of the passions is to stimulate the mind to exertion, to render it interested in every circumstance connected with its own welfare or with that of others.

We cannot fail to admire the goodness of God, who while he bestowed upon us passions and affections to rouse the soul to action, gave us reason to restrain their excesses, which, if uncontrolled, must inevitably cause our destruction.

Pope has justly said that :—

“ Passions are winds to urge us o'er the wave ;
Reason the rudder to direct and save :
This without those obtains a vain employ,
Those without this, but urge us to destroy.

Besides the balance maintained between the passions and reason, the passions themselves are so constituted, as to counteract each other :—

Again the same poet says—

“ Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain ;
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind :
The lights and shades, with well accorded strife,
Give all the strength and colour of our life.”

We have supposed all the passions directly derived from our ardent desire for happiness, which causes us to love every thing which appears likely to conduce to that happiness, and to hate every thing which threatens to oppose it. From this wise constitution of our nature, no object which comes under our observation can be viewed with indifference: according as it seems to promise pleasure or pain, we love or hate it. Thus we have been rendered capable of receiving pleasing and unpleasing impressions from every object perceived by the senses, or idea figured by the imagination, we have been plunged, as it were, into an universe "tremblingly alive all o'er," where nothing exists so inert and unattractive as to be incapable of producing in us a correspondent passion or emotion.

The great principle of *love* may be divided into self-love and universal love.

The former is the affection which relates to ourselves personally, the latter extends towards the whole creation.

Thus the affection may either relate to ourselves, to those with whom we are closely connected, to the species in general, to the inferior animals, or even to things inanimate:—

As Pope expresses it—

" Self-love but seems the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next the human race;
Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind,
Take every creature in of every kind;
Earth smiles around with boundless beauty blest,
And heaven beholds her image in his breast."

When self-love does not interfere with the claims of others, it is not only quite innocent and lawful, but also peculiarly manifests the wisdom of the Creator, in thus implanting in his creatures a passion, which will ensure to each a close attention to his own interests.

Self-love operates with extraordinary force upon the mind, and gives rise to the strongest class of emotions, and causes every circumstance which affects our own happiness, to make

the most striking impression. It gives rise to the passions of joy, hope, sorrow, fear, despair and anger, which we shall afterwards consider. It is the great source of those passions which concern man as an individual. Self-love renders us careful of our reputation, of whatever concerns the body or the soul. When this self-respect is changed into an aversion, the most dreadful consequences are to be expected ; hence arise all the horrors of suicide.

When, however, self gains an improper possession of the mind, it produces pride and vanity ; and when the overbearing spirit meets with insuperable obstacles to its selfish desires, or no longer finds the flattery it so earnestly covets, it suffers the most painful mortification.

A moderate share of self-esteem is absolutely necessary to secure our success in any undertaking, and to check any inroad upon our peculiar rights and privileges. But in order to control, in some degree, an inordinate self-love, we possess a class of affections intimately connected with it, which, however immediately relate to others. This universal love may be termed good-will or benevolence, comprising a class of affections fitted for man in his intercourse with his fellow creatures, and shewing that he was evidently designed for a social being.

Social love operates with different degrees of force, according to the various connections of intimacy which subsist between its object and ourselves. It sometimes renders the interest and happiness of those most intimately connected of more consideration than our own.

The love of parents towards their children is closely allied to self-love, and partakes in a high degree of all its kindred passions and emotions.

When love is centred in a worthy object, and the affection is mutual, it is one of the greatest blessings heaven can bestow and productive of the highest felicity, justifying the description of the poet.

“ Yes ! love indeed is light from Heaven,
A spark of that immortal fire ;
With angels shared, by Allah given,
To lift from earth our low desire.

Devotion wafts the mind above,
 But heaven itself descends in love;
 A feeling from the God-head caught,
 To wean from self each sordid thought;
 A ray of Him who formed the whole,
 A glory circling round the soul."

Of all the passions, love is the most permanent and engrossing. It occupies every corner of the soul, and will often hold it in bondage, till death strikes off the pleasing chain. When the beloved object is no longer present, imagination supplies the loss, or memory fondly recalls "the long loved image vanished from the view."

It often gives rise, however, to as much misery as happiness, by exciting sorrows, fears, and jealousies. When fully in possession of the mind, frequently, neither protracted absence, slighted affection, or cold neglect, can avail any thing towards damping its ardour, or impairing its vivid recollection.

"Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science to *forget* !
 Unequal task, a passion to resign,
 For hearts so touch'd—so pierc'd—so lost as mine!
 Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
 How often must it love, how often hate!
 How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain, do all things but *forget* ?"

All the pleasures of friendship are derived from a disinterested love, which makes all joys and sorrows common ; which shares the same desire, aversion, love, and resentment.

When love takes in a wider range, and extends to the whole of the human race, we call it philanthropy, a principle at once comprehending the whole circle of moral and social virtues.

This delightful affection manifests a pleasure in the prosperity of every one, which it strives all in its power to increase, feeling an uneasiness at every species of suffering and cruelty.

It is the principle which leads us to consider every man as our neighbour, and to love our neighbour as ourselves, and extending to the farthest limits of the creation, lends an ear to every tale of woe, and gives a helping hand in every hour of need.

Hatred is the disposition we entertain concerning whatever

threatens an interruption of our happiness, and is consequently supposed to be an evil.

Our hatred to misery and its causes, is the natural consequence of our desire to possess happiness, of which it is intended to act as a safeguard. But our hatred is not confined entirely to what is unfriendly to us. We frequently extend our hatred far beyond all reasonable bounds, becoming the slaves of ignorance and prejudice, and rendering ourselves insensible to all the good to which the object of our aversion may be justly entitled. In the same manner our predilections for whatever seems agreeable, often prevent our seeing any pernicious qualities it may possess. Thus in personal hatreds, which begin by some quality or disposition which is displeasing in the individual, the whole character becomes infected in our estimation, and every species of merit he may possess, is entirely destroyed.

Creatures, like ourselves, created with various capacities, dispositions, tastes, and propensities, possessed of different organs of sense, and endowed with keen sensibility, cannot remain unaffected by the various objects this vast universe contains.

It has been so contrived by a beneficent Creator, that the objects from which we derive pleasure are infinitely more numerous, than those which inspire pain and aversion. Directly or indirectly, we are constantly under the influence of love and hatred, which alternately take possession of the mind, and give birth to every other passion and affection. The passions which spring from them, are hope, joy, sorrow, fear, anger, revenge, despair, jealousy and pity. These we propose to examine separately, endeavouring at the same time to show their respective uses.

Joy is the vivid pleasure experienced on the reception or anticipation of something peculiarly grateful.

The causes of delight are very numerous, it may be communicated by a liberation from a previous state of apprehension, by the actual possession of any real enjoyment, or by the full assurance of its future possession.

The violence of the passion will depend, of course, in a great measure, upon the natural disposition of the individual affected by it; upon the supposed importance of the desired object; or

upon the sudden transition from a state of privation or suffering, to one of full satisfaction and enjoyment.

Surprise and imagination have a great influence in increasing the violence of all the passions; the one, by exaggerating all the inciting causes; the other, by acting unawares upon the system.

An instantaneous transition from extreme anxiety and distress to the consummation of happiness, constitutes the most rapturous joy. For some moments the soul is bewildered in the paradise opened to its view. This transport is succeeded by the exertions of a vigorous imagination, which runs over with rapid confusion, the many supposed advantages to be derived from the new acquisition, and multiplies and aggrandizes them, beyond all bounds of reason and probability.

The highly pleasurable state of mind which joy occasions, produces corresponding effects upon the system, and the outward signs which it exhibits, are highly calculated to inspire the same feelings in the mind of the beholder. But the transports of joy are generally of short duration, and seldom unmingled with some feelings of solicitude.

It has been wisely ordained that earthly bliss should never be wholly unalloyed, lest man should forget his real situation amidst the intoxication of delight—lest he should look in this world for the happiness he ought to aspire to in the next.

Joy is nearly allied to mirth, and the more tranquil and permanent emotions of cheerfulness and contentment. These are the true sweeteners of life, more to be desired than the transitory bursts of tumultuous joy, which are so often the preludes to the most cruel reverses of bitter and agonizing grief.

Grief is one of the most painful emotions, the suddenness of the loss or disappointment which occasions it, greatly aggravates the sorrow. During its first transports, the senses are disturbed, and the soul overwhelmed by its affliction; but as soon as it is able to recover itself, it wanders over and exaggerates every possible disadvantage that may arise from the loss, until tumultuous emotions are excited almost amounting to phrenzy.

The violence and agitation of grief, its restlessness, torment and tumult, gradually exhaust the frame. Sorrow, depression of spirits, and fond recollection, succeed ; thus, the excesses of sorrow produce their own relief. The mind now takes delight in contemplating the cause of its affliction, in enumerating all the excellencies of that which was once its own, and fondly dwelling upon them.

It is a striking characteristic of deep sorrow, that it is of a tacit and uncommunicative character, in which it is directly opposite to joy. It attempts concealment, even from the bosom of a friend. The mind sinks into a pensive melancholy.

"It is the wretch's comfort still to have,
Some small relief of near and inward woe,
Some unexpected hoard of darling grief,
Which he unseen may wail, and weep, and mourn,
And glutton-like devour alone."

The outward emotions of grief call loudly for sympathy, and seldom fail to interest the beholder. When sin is followed by remorse, the mind suffers intolerable anguish, which is considerably augmented by dwelling upon the past transgression, and can only be removed by a clear sense of full pardon.

But leaving this painful emotion, let us examine the agreeable and animating passion of hope, which has been emphatically styled the "balm of life." Hope is the encouragement given to desire, the pleasing expectation, that its object will be attained. Without hope, desire would sink into despair, like a vain wish, it would remain inactive, preying upon itself and producing perpetual uneasiness.

Hope keeps the mind awake in its most remiss and indolent hours, and quickens it to obtain additional advantages, and animates it to struggle with the difficulties it may have to encounter. It produces habitual serenity, and good humour. It makes pain easy, and labour pleasant.

Hope possesses the happy secret of so far anticipating the good we desire, that we already taste the pleasures we seek. It rouses every passion and employs it on the object we long for.

"With thee, sweet Hope, resides the heavenly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight ;
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,
That calls each slumbering *passion* into play ;

Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
 On tiptoe watching, start at thy command;
 And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
 To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career."

This great sweetener of life is often misapplied on temporal things: we hope for what we are not likely to possess, and thus meet with many disappointments. False hopes are the rocks on which the sanguine tribe of lovers are daily shipwrecked, and on which the bankrupt, the politician, the alchymist, and speculator, have foundered in every age.

Hope, unaided by reason, is nearly sure to misguide. It is seldom unmixed with a portion of doubt and solicitude, but when these are entirely removed, hope rises into joy.

The pleasing sensations inspired by these passions, entirely correspond; the difference consists in the uncertainty which checks the ardour of hope; and the object being in expectation, the pleasure is not heightened by surprise; yet the release from painful anxiety is as grateful to the mind, as the sensations communicated by more unexpected causes.

Hope is our faithful attendant through life, and though unable to penetrate the mysteries of the future, we are buoyed up amidst the present evil by the anticipation of good in store for us.

It reigns amidst carnage and death, and sustains the soldier in the hour of battle.

" Friend of the brave ! in Perils' darkest hour,
 Intrepid Virtue looks to *thee* for power ;
 To *thee* the heart its trembling homage yields,
 On stormy floods and carnage-covered fields ;
 When front to front the bannered hosts combine,
 Halt, ere they close, and form the dreadful line ;
 When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
 The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil ;
 As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high,
 The dauntless brow and spirit-speaking eye,
 Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
 And hears thy stormy music in the drum."

If hope be an essential support through the dangers and trials of life, it is, doubtlessly, needful in the hour of death.

It is religious hope that causes the dying man to triumph in his last agony, whilst the soul springs forward with delight in the expectation of a joyful resurrection.

"Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
 When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
 Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
 Oh! then thy kingdom comes! immortal power!
 What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly,
 The quiv'ring lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
 Bright to the soul, thy seraph hands convey,
 The morning dream of life's eternal day.
 Then, then the triumph, and the trance begin,
 And all the phoenix-spirit burns within."

Despair is the dreadful passion that occupies the mind when totally abandoned by hope. It is the permanent fear of losing some valuable good, or suffering some dreadful evil, without any alleviation. It succeeds to repeated efforts which have proved unsuccessful.

Despair is a mingled emotion, and its expression depends upon the nature of the distress of which it forms the acme. Sometimes it assumes a bewildered air, as if madness were the only relief to the mind. On some occasions there is a total inactivity, and relaxation of the features, as if falling into insensibility. There is a horrid gloom upon the countenance of the desperate man, the eye is fixed, yet he is insensible to every thing that passes around him. Life becomes an insupportable burden, since joy and hope have fled the soul. It is in vain the tormented spirit seeks relief, every escape is denied, inevitable ruin without, and blackness of horror within; the soul recoils upon its own insupportable misery, and calls aloud for death to end its torments. The wretch is ready to exclaim in the words of Milton's Satan—

"Me miserable! which way shall I fly?
 Infinite wrath! and infinite despair!
 Which way I fly is *hell*, myself am *hell*;
 And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
 Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
 To which the *hell* I suffer seems a *heaven*."

Fear is a painful sensation, produced by the immoderate apprehension of evil. It is a more painful passion than sorrow. Fear produces an indescribable agony and anxiety about the heart, and so far engrosses the whole mind that it becomes insensible to every thing but its own misery. Fear is either bodily or mental.

Bodily fear springs directly from self-love, and is designed

to protect the frame from injury and death. When this kind of fear operates with a portion of hope, and there is a possibility of escape, the mind re-acts with wonderful energy. Collected force takes the place of debility, and tremendous exertions succeed to the previous state of torpor. When a personal attack is apprehended, the body instantly assumes an attitude of defence, and a trembling strength prevades the limbs, while an indescribable horror and ferocity burst from the countenance, calculated to inspire the enemy with terror and dismay. When flight is attempted, an unusual energy propels the limbs of the affrighted man, and enables him to make exertions for his escape which would have been impracticable in more tranquil moments.

Mental fear, where the imagination is strongly at work, is a yet more distressing passion. Distracted thought, anxiety and alarm, are fearfully indicated by the bewildered eye, and strongly-knit eye-brows. The steps are hurried and unequal, indicative of inward uneasiness. When the wretched man is plunged in the blackest despair, and haunted with the consciousness of guilt, and when the fearful apprehensions of eternal torments aggravate the stings of death, no state can be more deplorable.

When bodily and mental fear are mingled with astonishment, the whole body is petrified; dreadful shrieks denote the inward anguish; these, when nature can sustain them no longer, are followed by fainting fits which afford a momentary relief.

Shakspeare describes the effects of fear as follows :—

" I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine!"

Fear is of great service when it assumes the form of caution, and checks a vain and foolish temerity. It is also salutary in deterring the commission of crime, inspiring the dread of punishment. Devoid of fear we should run headlong into every danger, and impiously mock the denunciations of divine

displeasure ; rashness, insolence, and injustice, in lawless confusion, would usurp the government of the soul, and urge it to the most frightful excesses.

Anger is the painful and irritating passion excited by a sense of injury received or in contemplation. It is awakened by the unjust privation of what seemed our due, or by some positive suffering from which we claimed an exemption. When benefits conferred, meet with the most ungrateful returns, or an injury is totally unprovoked, and comes from a quarter we least expected, an ardent desire of revenge is excited. The imagination runs over every circumstance of aggravation, displays the affair in the most criminal colours, and vengeance is determined against the aggressor.

Revenge pursues its victim, deaf to all compassion, and regardless of all danger ; at this moment it considers itself fully authorised to execute vindictive justice, and experiences a kind of savage joy in the pain it inflicts and the blood it sheds. However, when the heat of passion has somewhat abated, the avenger finds too late that he has sacrificed realities to a phantom, and that inflicting misery on another does not insure happiness to himself ; thus he often becomes a prey to remorse. The passion of anger when properly controlled, checks the commission of injuries and insults. It prompts to oppose any violation of the rights of others. This spirit brings the offender to trial, but rests satisfied with the punishment the law denounces against him. Anger cannot be considered as painful as the extremes of fear and sorrow. When it rises into rage, it becomes a species of madness, and is productive of the most dreadful consequences. Anger differs from sorrow and fear, inasmuch as it is incapable of exciting sympathy in the beholder. The former passions, on the contrary, though they may be the result of culpable conduct, are calculated, from the anguish they manifest, to call aloud for our sympathy and compassion. But anger, except in cases of down-right insanity, creates no such feeling.

Even when the provocation has been most flagrant, we sympathise with the object of resentment, and exert our influence to avert the vengeance to which he is exposed.

Anger is generally but of short duration, unless indeed it

becomes permanent malevolence, in which case it is rarely appeased, even by repeated acts of revenge.

Jealousy is a painful apprehension of rivalry, in cases which are peculiarly interesting to us. It is the inseparable companion of ambition, and often the attendant of love. In a mild form, it may excite a fair and laudable emulation. It may be considered as an anxious solicitude lest we should be supplanted in the affections of those we most highly esteem.

This passion is often excited in weak minds by the excess of affection. This excess is ever on the watch, and torments itself with groundless apprehensions and vague suspicions.

From this moment the lover is compelled to exclaim with Othello :

" O ! now for ever
Farewell, the tranquil mind ! Farewell, content ! "

Jealousy, in its aggravated form, contains a complication of the most tremendous passions that can agitate the human breast.

It has love for its basis, yet suffers, alternately, torments from every painful emotion. It misconstrues the most self-evident appearances. Every sign of innocence is interpreted as a proof of guilt, and every token of affection, as an indisputable mark of insulting hypocrisy.

Under the influence of this dreadful passion, the mind becomes alternately the sport of hope, despair, rage, and contention ; in short, uniting the extremes of violent hatred, and passionate fondness, it entertains the most cruel suspicions of the object of its adoration, and is tempted to destroy, what it trembles to lose.

Shakspeare says—

" It is a green-eyed monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on.—Trifles light as air,
Are to the jealous, confirmation strong,
As proofs of Holy Writ."

Pity is the noblest, and most disinterested of all the passions. We often sympathise with those who entertain no kindred affection for us. Distress, in whatever form it may appear, draws forth the tears of compassion. We pity those whose conduct is leading them into evil, of which, perhaps, they

entertain no apprehensions. We pity the lame and the blind, although they may sustain their infirmities with invincible fortitude ; we pity children rendered destitute of their parents, while their ignorance of this great deprivation augments our sympathy ; and lastly, we pity the brute creation when suffering from disease, or from the infliction of wanton and barbarous cruelty. When pity becomes so extensive as to embrace the whole human race, and prompts the soul to acts of the most disinterested benevolence, it then becomes the object of universal admiration. When mingled with justice it appears in the shape of mercy, a quality at once the most noble and magnanimous—as Shakspeare says,

“ It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God’s,
When mercy seasons justice—
It is twice blessed,
It blesses him that *gives* and him that *takes*.”

Sensibility is the source of innumerable pleasing emotions, both in our joys and our sorrows. It leads us to feel generous joys and cares beyond ourselves. It opens a wide source of gratification, which knows no limits but those of the universe. It strikes a chord in the heart, which vibrates in unison with every note of sorrow, or strain of woe.

“ Hail, lovely Power ! whose bosom heaves a sigh,
When fancy paints the scene of deep distress ;
Whose tear’s spontaneous crystallize the eye,
When rigid fate denies the power to bless.
Not all the sweets Arabia’s gales convey
From flow’ry meads, can with that sigh compare ;
Not dew-drops glittering in the morning ray,
Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.
Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play ;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies ;
No blood stained traces mark thy blameless way ;
Beneath thy feet, no hapless insect dies.”

While enumerating the passions, we must not forget those of ambition and avarice.

Ambition is an inordinate love of power, which frequently urges men to commit the most dreadful crimes for the sake of their own aggrandizement. It entertains the most insatiable jealousy towards every competitor for the same honours.

The mind becomes a prey to immoderate hopes and fears. However, a moderate share of ambition, which may be termed emulation, is laudable, and essential to our success in any undertaking. But inordinate ambition becomes its own destroyer ; like the dog in the fable, we grasp at the shadow and lose the reality—for

“ Vaulting ambition still o'erleaps itself.”

Avarice is the excessive love of wealth. The miser accumulates money for the sake of hoarding it. He denies himself every comfort of life, that he may increase his stores. His greatest affliction, in the hour of death, is being obliged to quit his beloved treasure. This passion is of the most debasing nature, it destroys all the finest feelings of the soul, it covets indiscriminately the possessions of all, and frequently commits every species of violence and extortion to gratify its insatiable appetite. Economy and frugality must not be forgotten, as bordering upon avarice, though in themselves so laudable and useful.

We have hitherto almost entirely described the passions in their aggravated forms, unrestrained by reason, and untutored by education. But when these have their proper sway, the soul is interested, but not overwhelmed ; it is excited, but not blindly hurried away by every breath of passion. In short, the passions are so far subdued, that they seldom exhibit themselves in any virulent emotions, but sink into regular and permanent affections. In this state, then, we should regard them, when they are fulfilling the purpose for which they were designed, and not when ruling and overwhelming the reason and will, but when gently dictating, in the genuine language of the soul, what the judgment confirms and the will sanctions.

Frequently a combination of two or more passions produces an affection. For example, gratitude may be said to spring from joy and love. Joy for the favour received, and love towards the benefactor. From love and fear spring veneration and awe.

A single passion will often create various affections. As for instance, patience, resignation and humility are derived from sorrow.

An affection may be produced by the combination of a pas-

sion and an affection ; for example, modesty is derived from fear and admiration. The fear of our own deficiency, and our admiration for the abilities of another. Thus the combinations of passions and affections are endless ; again and again uniting and forming new ones, until the mind is no longer able to retrace them to the great source from whence they sprung.

Nor can we be at any time conscious of the immense number and variety of affections that are perpetually occupying the soul, which receives impressions from every object without, and from every suggestion within.

Besides reason and education, another very powerful agent is called into action, to subdue the passions, viz. religion.

Religion affords consolation in the depths of affliction ; it calms the wild transports of hope and joy ; it allays the trepidation of anxiety and alarm ; it pacifies the malignant passions of anger and revenge ; it fosters every sentiment of humanity and justice ; it strengthens every tie of gratitude and love ; it cherishes every feeling of pity and benevolence ; it directs our affections to the right objects—in short, whatever is great, noble, or generous in our nature, religion encourages and supports, and whatever is base, cruel, or unjust, it strives to overcome and destroy.

We must not form our estimate of the passions, when unsubjected to reason, to education, or religion, (for they were never intended to be in such a state) ; we must not regard them as distinct from that complicated whole, of which they form an indispensable part, from that mysterious union of discordant elements of which the human mind is composed ; but we should rather view them with becoming wonder and admiration as the never failing sources of all our happiness and of all our misery. Well might the poet exclaim—

" I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost ! at home, a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down surprised—aghast,
And wondering at her own, how reason reels !
Oh ! what a miracle to man is man !"

Perhaps nothing is more calculated to show the absolute necessity of the passions to ensure the welfare and happiness of man, than the momentary conception of their total annihilation. With them would vanish every ray of hope, every

spark of joy! With them would perish every tie that binds man to man, and man to God. With them would become extinct all the pleasures of social intercourse, all the bonds of fellowship, all the charities of life. Farewell to humanity! to justice! to sympathy! to love! Eloquence would no longer charm! Poetry no longer enrapture! Music would cease to delight! And painting enchant no more!

And his the soul with win'try reason blest,
The dull lethargic sovereign of the breast;
And his the life that creeps in dead repose,
No joy that sparkles and no tear that flows.

We have now detailed, at length, the great intuitive desires which have been implanted in the human heart, and which are necessary for our well-being, but which require proper regulation. To these has been added, by an all-wise God, the sense of *moral approbation or conscience*, which we all possess, giving us the power of discriminating between good and evil—a most important property of this *indivisible* thinking power within us, (which we call soul or mind,) and which must live for ever.

In immediate connection with this subject, is the science of ethics, or morals, including all our filial, parental, and conjugal duties, our duty to man as man, our obedience to the laws of our country, our allegiance to the divine Author of our existence, his attributes, the cultivation of happiness, social, moral, intellectual, and religious, natural theology, &c. All these subjects have been most ably handled by Dr. Brown in his "Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind," and complete the harmony of the system which we have imperfectly sketched out at the beginning of this paper.

There is one subject we must not pass over without notice, viz., the chief characteristic which Dr. Brown gives of genius. Genius is the faculty whereby the mind is able, by its power of suggestion (already alluded to) to originate entirely new combinations of thought, and not mere recollections and combinations of the thoughts and sayings of others. Dr. Brown considers that this power constitutes the great difference between ordinary and extraordinary mental capacity. To the materialist this would be at once explained, by a supposed extra-development of the organs of the brain.

The brain, it is true, is the centre of that influence on which depend our power of sensation and motion, and more than this, there is a remarkable connexion between this organ and the mind, as may be readily seen in the effects of disease on the former, and in the concomitant results, as usually manifested by the latter. But this connexion is not sufficiently close to prove any identity, or any thing more than a general unison of action between mind and matter. Dr. Brown has remarked that what we term *decay* in the body, is only another name for *continued existence*, as we have reason to believe that *not one single particle of matter has been annihilated since the creation of the world*; and if this be the case with regard to *matter*, there is an analogy which would seem to indicate the continued existence of the thinking principle within us after death.

When we look more closely into the workings of the soul, its aspirations after a higher state of existence, we cannot doubt that, though the body returns to the dust, the spirit ascends to God who gave it! But lest we should err on this point, God has condescended to enlighten us in the revelation of his Holy Book, and it is to the testimony of his written word, that we must point the doubtful mind on this mysterious and all-engrossing subject. The mystery which still envelopes the secret chambers of the soul, is still further enhanced by those wonderful revelations which are made to us in the Holy volume of the universality of sin, the power of satanic influence over the human mind, and of the in-dwelling of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. But these are subjects which we think more suitable for the pen of the divine than the essayist, and therefore, we must leave them with that full credence, which the Christian is bound to give to the testimony of the scriptures.

There are, however, several other mental phenomena to which he would turn, and to which we have not as yet alluded: these are dreaming, somnambulism, insanity, and spectral illusions.

With regard to dreaming, Dr. Abercrombie has remarked that this peculiar condition of the mind appears to be referable to two heads.

First.—The impressions which arise in the mind are believed

to have a real and present existence, and this belief is not corrected, as in the waking state, by comparing the mental conception with the things of the external world.

Second.—The ideas or images in the mind follow one another according to associations over which we have no control ; we cannot, as in the waking state, vary the series, or stop it at our own will.

In tracing the manner in which these images appear to arise in sleep, we find them generally referable to some of the following inciting causes.

First.—Recent events.

Second.—The association of bodily sensations.

Third.—The revival of old associations.

Fourth.—A strong mental emotion or propensity of character embodied in a dream, and afterwards fulfilled, by some natural coincidence.

Let us take an example under each head.

First.—Recent events.

Dr. Abercrombie mentions the case of a gentleman who was once placed in circumstances of great alarm, from being pursued by an infuriated *bull*, and ever since that time, instead of being troubled with different kinds of *night-mare* (as we generally call it) he was invariably visited in his dreams by *the bull* and all the horrors of its pursuit !

Second.—The suggestions of bodily sensations.

Dr. Gregory mentions of himself, that having gone to bed with a bottle of hot water at his feet, he dreamt of walking up the Crater of Mount Vesuvius, and of feeling the ground warm under his feet.

Third.—The revival of old associations passed out of the mind.

Dr. Abercrombie relates the following anecdote of a particular friend of his. The gentleman was a teller or cashier of one of the Glasgow banks, and was at the counter attending to the customers when a person demanded the payment of £6. interest ; and though several persons were entitled to be attended to before him, the man became very impatient and noisy, and being also a stammerer, the teller was requested by another gentleman to pay him his money and get rid of him.

The teller did this, and at the end of the year (nine months afterwards) there was a deficiency of £6. in the accounts of the bank, which could not be discovered, and the teller went to bed much fatigued with his fruitless search of several days, for the error in the balance. He dreamt, however, of being at his place in the bank, and the whole transaction with the stammerer came before him, and the payment to him of £6. interest. He awoke with the belief that he should discover the error, and on examination, he found that he had omitted to enter the payment on the interest sheet, and this accounted for the error of £6. in the balance.

Fourth.—A strong mental emotion or propensity embodied in a dream, and afterwards coming true.

Dr. Combe mentions the case of a murderer having dreamt of committing a murder some years before the event happened.

Independently of these causes, there have been dreams which can only be explained as divine interpositions, designed for the purpose of saving life.

We happen to know of one of this class, where a person, before travelling in Scotland, dreamt that he passed through a certain scene of hill and water, when a boy ran across the road to open a gate, and immediately after he arrived at a ferry, and got into the boat with other passengers, when the boat upset, and the whole party were drowned. He thought little of his dream, until some time after, as he proceeded on his journey, he fancied that he had seen the view of the surrounding country before, (through which he was passing really for the first time,) and whilst wondering at this, a boy suddenly ran forwards to open the gate; this circumstance instantly recalled the whole of his dream. Shortly afterwards he found himself at Queen's Ferry, and though the day was remarkably fine, he determined not to go by water, but ride along the shore of the Frith-of-Forth to Stirling Bridge, and thus alter his route. What was his surprise on returning to Queen's Ferry, after prosecuting his journey in the Highlands, to find that the ferry-boat, on the very day on which he was to have sailed in it, had been upset, and all the passengers drowned!

We are not able to give any satisfactory explanation of the phenomena of ordinary dreaming; the great mass of dreams

are of such a trifling description, that one cannot help thinking that they are vagaries or pastimes of the mind, in which it recreates itself after the severer labours of the day—as it were disdaining to take the lethargic sleep which wraps the grosser bodily frame in profound slumber, it chooses the most absurd, wanton, and incongruous images, as the diversions of its midnight holiday !

But it is not always thus with dreams, as we have already shown, and there have been abundant instances recorded where persons accustomed to mathematical pursuits, have carried on complicated and abstruse calculations in their sleep, and remembered the solution of the problem on awaking in the morning.

Again, the entire absence of the knowledge of the actual lapse of time during dreams, is a remarkable feature of them. A dream which occupies in reality the few seconds taken in waking from sleep, originated by the very sound which awakes us, will sometimes appear extended over a period of hours !

It has been remarked that dreams are generally most vivid at the commencement and end of sleep, shewing that they exist chiefly in that natural transition from entire consciousness to profound sleep, and *vice versa* ; but over the sequence of our dreams we appear to have little or no control !

Somnambulism seems to differ from dreaming chiefly, (according to Dr. Abercrombie) in the degree in which the bodily functions are affected. The mind appears occupied with erroneous impressions, but has power over the bodily organs, and the somnambulist moves from place to place, as if awake, though really asleep. There is scarcely any occupation that has not been carried on by somnambulists, of which, however, they are perfectly unconscious on awaking out of sleep, or, at all events, suppose the whole to have been an ordinary dream.

The following anecdote must suffice as an example, it is detailed by Dr. Abercrombie.

A young gentleman who was a zealous botanist, and had obtained the highest prize for that science, at a public institution, one night, about an hour after going to bed, alarmed his master by coming down stairs with nothing on but his hat and

shirt, and a tin case swung across his shoulders, and a large stick in his hand. His eyes were open and seemed unnaturally dilated, but were never directed towards his master or the candle. While his master was contemplating the best method of getting him to bed, he began the following conversation—"Are you going to Greenwich, Sir?" "Yes, Sir." "Going by water, Sir?" "Yes, Sir." "May I go with you, Sir?" "Yes, Sir." "But I am going directly, so please to follow me." Upon this the master walked up to his student's room, and the young botanist followed immediately. At the bed-side he was desired, to get into the boat, and the tin case was taken off his shoulder, and his hat dropping off, he remarked, as he got into bed, "that he knew his master's face very well, and had often seen him at the river's side." A long conversation then ensued between the somnambulist and the supposed boatman, which was carried on by the former with perfect propriety, but principally relative to botanical pursuits. On being asked who had gained the head prize at the Institution, he named a gentleman, not *himself*. "Indeed!" was the reply, "did *he* gain the prize?" to which he made no reply. He was then asked, "do you know a Mr. ———," naming himself; after much hesitation, he replied, "If I must confess it, my name is ———." This conversation lasted three quarters of an hour, during which he never made an irrelevant answer, or hesitated, except about *the prize* and *his own name*. He then lay down in bed, and said "he felt tired, and would lie upon the grass until the professor came!" But he soon sat up again, and held another long conversation with another gentleman, who came into the room. In about an hour he said, "It is very cold on this grass, but I am so tired, I must lie down." He remained quiet the rest of the night, and had not the slightest recollection of what had passed, in the morning, and was not even aware of having dreamt any thing.

Surely there is nothing in mesmeric sleep, (that has been proved to be *genuine*,) more wonderful than this!

Dr. Abercrombie relates instances of this state coming on during the day time, in which people have recited passages of poetry, far more correctly than they could have done when awake, and also performed pieces of music on the piano-forte,

&c. ; but these cases seem to have been attended by incipient disease, and sometimes terminated in epilepsy. During these paroxysms the patient frequently recollects what has occurred in a *former paroxysm*, but has no remembrance of them when awake, and manifests far more ability when asleep than when awake ; and is frequently able to repeat or imitate music and conversation, that has passed around him during the day, to a most wonderful extent. It is impossible to account satisfactorily for these phenomena, but they seem to border on a state of delirium or intoxication of the brain. Dr. Combe mentions a porter, who *when drunk*, left a parcel at a wrong house, and when *sober*, could not recollect what he had done with it ; but the next time he was intoxicated, he recollected where he had left it, and went and recovered it.

The next subject to which we shall briefly allude is *Insanity*. The peculiar power which is possessed, in a healthy mental state, of arresting and changing the train of our thoughts, of fixing our attention upon one, or transferring it to another subject ; of changing the train by suggestion into something analogous to it ; or of dismissing the subject from our thoughts altogether, appears to be lost in ordinary dreaming ; and so it is in *insanity*, and the result, (as Dr. Abercrombie remarks,) is one of two conditions ; either the mind is entirely under *one* impression, over which it has no control ; or it is left at the mercy of a train of impressions, which succeed each other, by an involuntary succession, as regards the individual who entertains them.

Hence arises a remarkable analogy between the mental phenomena in insanity and in dreaming, the impressions which arise in the mind are believed to be *real*, and this belief is not corrected by comparing them with the actual *state* of things in the external world, and trains of images succeed each other without being under any control, as in a healthy or waking state. But it is unnecessary to dwell upon this painful malady, the most painful to which the mental constitution of man is exposed ; and of the nature and cause of which, we know little or nothing, though many attempts have been made to refer it to disease of the bodily organs *alone*, but without success.

The treatment of the insane is daily becoming, however,

more judicious : by providing suitable *occupation*, and by judicious classification, much good may be done. There exist so many modifications of insanity, which are scarcely perceptible, that we may trace a connecting link between the perfectly sane (if such there be, *on all points* !) and those who are subject to some eccentricity, or hallucination, which possesses them, perhaps, on but *one* subject, until we come to the raving madman, or idiot, or imbecile.

Connected closely with this subject is that of spectral illusions, to which some people are liable. These may be classed under the following heads.

First.—False perceptions or impressions made upon the senses, only, in which the mind does not participate, and of which optical deception the person is aware, but cannot always avoid the appearance which presents itself at particular intervals.

Dr. Abercrombie mentions a gentleman of high mental endowment, of spare habit, upwards of eighty years of age, and enjoying uninterrupted health, who, for twelve years had been liable to almost daily visitations from spectral figures. They were, in general, human countenances, the head and upper parts of the body distinctly defined, and the lower parts lost in a cloud. The figures were various, but he recognized the same countenance, repeated from time to time, particularly of late years—that of an elderly woman, with a peculiarly arch and playful expression, and a dazzling brilliancy of eye, who seemed just ready to speak to him ! These figures he could banish by passing his hand across his eyes, or by opening and shutting his eyes once or twice ; but they generally returned after the lapse of a few moments. They sometimes appeared the size of life, and sometimes as small as a miniature, and frequently approached gradually until they nearly touched his face, and were always of a pleasant character. This is certainly a very remarkable case, and reminds one of the spectral illusions to which one of our celebrated painters was liable, and from which he made designs.

Second.—A class of apparitions may be referred to *real dreams*, though the individual was not at the time sensible of having slept.

A person under the influence of some strong mental impression, drops asleep for a few seconds, some one connected with the impression appears in the dream, and he starts up under the conviction that it was a spectral appearance !

Again, intense mental conceptions, so strongly impressed on the mind, as, for the moment, to be believed to have a real existence, have been mistaken for supernatural appearances. This takes place when the individual is placed under circumstances, when the external impressions are very slight, as solitude, faint light, &c., and the mental impression remains very vivid. Under such circumstances, the appearance of a deceased friend may arise on the vision, and for a few seconds deceive the eye of the spectator, who has been thinking deeply on his departed relative, but which appearance is dissipated upon his courageously approaching it. The following instance is mentioned by Dr. Hibbert.

"A gentleman was told of the sudden death of an old and intimate friend, and was deeply affected by it. After the business of the day, he went by himself to walk in a small court behind his house, which was bounded by extensive gardens. The sky was clear and the night serene, and no light was falling upon the court from any of the windows. As he walked down stairs he was not thinking of any thing connected with his intimate friend ; but when he had proceeded at a slow pace about half way across the court, the figure of his friend started up before him, in a most distinct manner, at the opposite angle of the court. His friend was not in his usual dress, but in a coat of a different colour, which he had for some months left off wearing ; the spectator could even remark a figured vest, which his friend had also worn about the same time ; also a coloured silk handkerchief around the neck, in which he had used to see his friend in a morning—and his powers of vision appeared to become more keen as he gazed upon the phantom. The narrator then mentions the indistinguishable feeling which shot through his frame ; but he soon recovered himself and walked briskly up to the spot, keeping his eyes fixed intently upon the spectre. As he approached the spot, it vanished—not by sinking into the earth, but by seeming to melt insensibly into the air.

The effect of opium is well known to give an impression of reality to the visions of the imagination.

Again, a fertile source of spectral illusions is that of bodily disease, generally that of the brain of an apoplectic or inflammatory character. Sometimes, however, epileptic or febrile ; but these illusions may be considered as bordering on delirium.

Fifthly, and perhaps the most frequent sources of spectral illusions, are those appearances which originate in pure misconception. The imagination working up into a spectral illusion, something which is really of trivial occurrence.

Dr. Hibbert mentions an anecdote of a whole ship's company being thrown into the utmost state of consternation, by the apparition of a cook, who had died a few days before, and who was seen walking a-head of the ship, with a peculiar gait by which he was distinguished when alive from having one of his legs shorter than the other. On steering the ship toward the object, it was found to be a piece of floating wreck !

But these anecdotes might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, as there are few individuals who have not known of misconceptions of a somewhat similar character. We cannot, however, say that we believe there *never* has been the apparition of a dead man, for we see no reason to doubt the fact, that such an appearance has been permitted for particular purposes, such as the ghost of Samuel, the prophet, before Saul and the Witch of Endor ; but we view this in the same light as a miracle, directly opposed to the ordinary course of natural phenomena.

We have now gone through the leading mental phenomena, beginning with the analysis of mind, as far as such analysis has been found practicable by the learned Dr. Brown, whose system we detailed. We then proceeded to consider the investigation of the passions by Dr. Cogan ; this caused us to glance at the subject of ethics, and the immateriality and immortality of the soul, as evinced by the analogy pointed out between mind and matter, as well as clearly exhibited in revelation : the mysterious universality of sin, the existence of satanic influences, and the in-dwelling of the Holy Ghost, were also brought forward ; and, in conclusion, we have considered the phenomena of dreaming, somnambulism, insanity, and spectral illusions.

The last subject we have now to consider, is the cultivation of the mind, and to this we must very briefly allude, as we cannot enter here upon education generally.

Before we can cultivate the human mind, we must surely know something of its internal structure and economy. The more we enquire into this subject, the more we shall become convinced, that we cannot *analyze* the thinking power within us, or separate it into the constituent elements of which it may be composed ; but we find, that one of its principle laws or properties, is that of passing from one phase, or state, to another, according to the presence of external objects, or to those suggestions which appear to rise spontaneously within us ; in fact, according as our attention is directed to, diverted from, or riveted upon, any subject of contemplation. Knowing, then, that our minds are naturally exercised in this manner, either by ideas from within, or by objects from without ; we have, in all plans of education, to endeavour to *regulate* the *stream of thought* as *best we may*—for the stream *will flow* on,—we cannot stop it, but we may direct the channel through which it runs. From *external* objects we derive great pleasure and instruction ; whether it be in beholding the general face of nature, or by minutely examining the works of God through the microscope ; or, by surveying the distant worlds, by which the sky is peopled, through the telescope ; or, by investigating and appreciating works of art and science in their best and most attractive forms—all these objects are most instructive to the mind, and awaken long trains of thought, which we may prosecute with satisfaction and delight.

But it is, perhaps, more from the silent page of the philosopher, the historian, the poet, and the divine, that we feed the mind with that food which is so essential to its internal economy and well-being, and so needful to its growth and advancement in intellectual culture. Hence, we find a *book*, one of the most agreeable companions on a wet day, or in sickness, when we cannot go much abroad ; for we can look into the volume, as into a glass, and follow the stream of thought, which the author has suggested, and live, in imagination, with the personages, or in the scenes, therein depicted, forgetful of the external world around us, and even of our own discomforts.

The whole system of education and intellectual culture (stripped of all mystification), is little more *than a clever artifice, by which the minds of young people and others are attracted and detained before objects worthy of their attention*; and who would omit among those objects the cultivation of religious truths? The mind of the most ignorant man alive is probably always thinking about something; but that *something* may be a worthless object of contemplation.

What, then, is the aim of this and all kindred institutions, but to present, either by lectures, or by books, or by classes, subjects *worthy* of the consideration of intelligent, thinking, accountable and immortal beings? When we see men devoting their energies and their talents to the moral and intellectual improvement of their fellow-species—when we see them labouring incessantly to overthrow the dark kingdom of ignorance, by stimulating the great principle of *self-culture* among the operative-classes of society—then we know that they are engaged in a cause, second only to one, the sacred cause of religion itself—then we feel that they are justly entitled to the most devoted thanks which all well-wishers of their country can bestow upon the exercise of a sound and vigorous philanthropy. *Popular ignorance* always was, and always will be, the *most dangerous* element in social communities. We maintain that it is an incontrovertible truth, that unless the great mass of the people be educated—unless they possess a share of moral and mental culture, (forming as they do, in numerical and physical preponderance, the very foundation of society,) you can never rear an enduring fabric, (be it a monarchy, or be it a republic,) founded on a basement which does not contain in itself the power to appreciate, and the will to obey, the general rules and regulations of civilized life. It should, then, be the first maxim of every enlightened legislator to promote the education of the great body of the people; as without it, he can never hope to establish a permanent and efficient government. His proud columns of regal and aristocratic dignity will but rest on a fearful *volcano*, unless based on the moral and intellectual culture of the people at large. Some day or other, the volcano, on which he has built, will shake to the foundation the boasted government

he has vainly attempted to establish. In these observations, we are borne out by the history of all ages of the world. Let it be remembered that our state and condition in this country is but one of *transition*. The education of the people of England is *not completed*. It may be progressing. We have already excited a thirst for knowledge—we must supply an ample and wholesome stream, whereby this thirst may be satiated. Mechanics' Institutes have been established to satisfy this demand. They have proved eminently useful in bringing about a system of self-culture and adult-education, which is so peculiarly desirable. We don't say that Mechanics' Institutes supply the place of schools—far from it—but they afford a subsequent method of tuition, leading to the acquirement of branches of learning, the study of which is necessarily excluded from a brief scholastic education. They afford a refuge to every enquiring and studious artizan, where he may cultivate the intellect which God has given him—where he may add to the sources of his own happiness, comfort and intelligence, and where he may subsequently increase his usefulness, as an efficient member of the community. In fact, they are *nurseries* for the early development of natural genius. They fan into a flame the latent spark which smoulders in the human brain, until kindled into a blaze by these powerful incentives to application and to industry ; and thus it is, that they become a great means of strengthening the bulwarks of the constitution, by sowing the seeds of social order, good citizenship, and true loyalty, in the hearts of the people.

It cannot be required of us to urge upon you the advantages which education confers upon all who avail of it—we need not tell you, what you must be daily observing, the gradual *progress* of the age in which we live ; how *mind*, and *mind alone*, is becoming the great moving power around us. It is nothing more nor less than the natural progress of civilization. There was a time when the profession of *Arms* was the only one that was considered as becoming in a gentleman, but thanks to the spread of Christianity, to the spread of sound knowledge amongst all classes of the community, the *sword* has at length given place to the *pen* ! Therefore, we rejoice that our laurels are now won, not at the tourney or the battle-field, so much as in commerce

—in agriculture—in the arts and sciences—at the bar—in the senate, and at our universities ! But it may be objected that we have become essentially a *commercial* nation, and, therefore, a more scanty education will be sufficient. To this we would reply, that, in order to render our commerce availing in these days, we must in some degree be scholars—we must be educated and enlightened men—and over and above this, if by birth we are doomed to the workshop, the counting-house, or the warehouse, we must seek recreation elsewhere—we must frequent the Academic Grove, and the Fount of Helicon, to refresh our world-wearied spirits, at the pure springs of Learning and of Poesy.

Among the various means of insuring a well cultivated mind are the following, which need little comment.

First.—The habit of study and continuous attention.

Second.—The cultivation of an active enquiring state of mind.

Third.—A careful selection of the subjects to which the mind ought to be directed.

Fourth.—The habit of correct association ; that is, of connecting *facts* in the mind according to their true relations.

Fifth.—The careful control and regulation of the thoughts.

Sixth.—A diligent and proper control of the imagination.

Seventh.—The cultivation of a calm and correct judgment.

Eighth.—A sound and wholesome state of the moral feelings.

All these valuable suggestions we have taken the liberty to borrow from Dr. Abercrombie's excellent work on the intellectual powers, from which we have already drawn much information, and the perusal of which, we earnestly recommend to all. There are also many valuable hints contained in Dr. Isaac Watts' somewhat antiquated book, on the "Improvement of the Mind," which are practical and applicable to all classes.

In conclusion we would remark, that our mental endowments, however limited, cannot fail to be esteemed as a talent entrusted to our care ; and it is our bounden duty to do all in our power, not only to advance ourselves, but all mankind, in the intellectual scale. God has planted in the heart of man an ardent desire for happiness, and it is only when we set this desire on *unworthy* objects, that we deceive ourselves, and necessarily create our own disappointment and misery. God has placed us in a world full of enjoyment, and given us the

power of *appreciating* the various objects by which He has surrounded us, and this chiefly by the intervention of our organs of vision and of hearing. He has given us tender emotions, by which we can sympathize with each other in joy or in sorrow. He has bestowed upon us that insatiable love of action and curiosity, which renders our *daily toil* more agreeable to us than absolute *inactivity*. He has endued us with an intuitive sense of right and wrong, of which we cannot entirely divest ourselves, with reason to guide our passions and curb our emotions; and tempering the whole together, He has reared up the human mind, to be at once a reflex of His own image, and the temple in which He delights to dwell.

Let us strive to render our spiritual part acceptable to that Divine Benefactor, who took upon himself the form of man—who would not only be our merciful God, but our familiar friend and heavenly guest! Let us, then, amid all our other occupations and acquirements, cultivate the highest privilege to which we are called, that communion with God, which He so justly claims at our hands, as Himself the fountain of all knowledge, all goodness, all glory, all power, majesty and dominion, who hath neither beginning nor end, the same yesterday, to day, and for ever!

That portion of this Lecture which relates to "the Passions" was read, as a distinct paper, at the "Wakefield Literary and Philosophical Society," in 1836.

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THE END.

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